DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE AND ITS KINDRED ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VOL. IV. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1852. NO. 10.

RAYNOLDS & NOURSE, Proprietors. Office....Quincy Hall. SIMON BROWN, Editor. FRED'K HOLBROOK, HENRY F. FRENCH, } Associate Editors.

THE FARM IN OCTOBER.

This is the tenth month of the year. Terstegan says our Saxon ancestors called it *Wyn*-monat; *wyn* signifies wine; "and albeit they had not anciently wines in Germany, yet in this season had they them from divers countries adjoining." Dr. F. Sayer says they also called it *Winter-fulleth*.

October, in our climate is a delightful month. The early frost in September brought the first sad symptoms of decay for the year, and prepared our feelings for the general dissolution of the vegetable kingdom which must follow in October. The first shock to our senses being over, we now find the chief beauty of the month arises from vegtable death itself. It is seen every where in the drooping vines, the ripening corn and changing leaves with all their lights and shades of green, amber, red, light red, light and dark green, white, brown, russet, and yellow of all sorts. Heavy dews prevail; the mornings and evenings increase in mistiness, while the middle of the day is the perfection of climate

> "The orient is lighted with crimson glow,
> The night and its dreams are fled,
> And the glorious roll of nature now
> Is in all its brightness spread.
>
> The *autumn* has tinged the trees with gold,
> And crimsoned the shrubs of the hills;
> And the full seed sleeps in earth's bosom cold;
> And hope all the universe fills."

We delight to linger with the *poetry* of the farm —for poetry it has at all seasons—to ramble in the forest,

> "Where the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the woods is still,"

drop a hook in the dark holes of the winding trout brook, and while waiting for a nibble, call up the memories of old Izaak Walton, and Herbert, or father back, of Cincinnatus, Cato and Columella, or sketch upon the sand the quaint cuts in *Markham's Farewell to Husbandry*, which he has given as samples of pruning and shaping the heads of apple trees. Ah! these are true enjoyments which every farmer may share—and as we have now alluded to them sufficiently to set his "expectation on tip-toe," we will mention some of the other business of the Farm—and first

Of its Neatness.—We often form our opinions *of the farm and the farmer* from the first view we have of the premises, the *coup d'œil*, as the French say, when we take in at a glance all its general appearance, and that impression, whether it be favorable or unfavorable, is strongly retained on the mind. And this appearance is a pretty good indication of what the farmer in reality is—whether farmer Trim or farmer Slack, and his profits will usually be in accordance with the habits which he has chosen from one of the two characters. Neatness in the house, barn, door-yard, and under the fences and walls, indicate economy and thrift; bright implements and order in arrangement indicate cheerfulness and contentment, while well-fed horses, cattle and swine, with sleek hides and fat ribs, indicate a feeling heart, as well as the other virtues mentioned. When these are combined, united with the habits of *a good parishoner*, the farm becomes the blest abode of man. He need not sigh for the Eden of the Euphrates, or power and popularity as bestowed by the world; his Paradise is begun, fashioned by his own hands, watered by the rain, and visited by the sunshine of heaven, and whose memory thereof shall never be blotted from his mind.

October is the month, of all seasons, for the farmer to establish throughout his borders this neatness and order, *the stamp of genuine farming*. He will level the humps and hillocks of his fields, and scatter them with manure and grass seed; level double, and fill up, dead furrows; dig out bushes from the wall, and cart away the rich earth which has been turned against it for many successive years, and prepare it for a crop of potatoes next spring, so that a year's cultivation may exterminate the roots. He will gather the rank weeds (if he has been so unwise as to let them stand till this time) and small brush and deposit them with muck and quick lime for future use.—

Loose stones will be collected and form the sluice-way for under-ground ditches, and larger ones laid into substantial wall. That fast rock "in the clover lot" upon which three plows have been broken, shall be blasted and deposited where it can no more mar the beauties of that fine field. The front-yard fence, and all the gates, may be repaired while the fingers are nimble, and he can make a tenon and mortice without "blowing his fingers."

Compost Heaps.—See to these—you all know how.

Potatoes.—Dig as soon as they are ripe, lay them in moderate parcels and exclude the light.

Seeds.—Save the best and earliest of every kind, and, more, satisfy yourselves by observation and inquiry what the effect of so doing will be upon your future crops.

Corn Fodder.—Carefully secure it all, this year particularly. Do not waste the large stalks, but cut and mix them with meal; they are nutritious, and in that form will do good service.

Corn.—Keep it cool in the barn floor before husking; it had better stand in the field than heat in the barn. Spread the ears thin or pile them in well-aired bins.

Corn Fields.—Towards the last of the month split the "Indian hills"—it is neater husbandry and we think better economy to gather the roots and stems and add them to the heap of weeds, brush and quick lime. It gives clear and pleasant plowing in the spring.

Young Trees.—Take away all stubble, grass or weeds from their stems, so that mice may not find materials for their nests; then bank the trees with clear earth, and they are ready for winter. Where trees stand in mowing ground it will be well to clear away the grass roots and throw fine manure or loam close to their trunks. This will keep the mice away, and be a good fertilizer when spread early in the spring.

Pruning.—Look after and shape the heads of young trees, and wherever a wound is left half an inch in diameter, cover it with wax cloth, paint or gum. See other articles on this subject in former numbers.

Roots.—Gather roots before heavy frosts occur, and store them carefully away. Roots should be perfectly matured before gathering, but collected *as soon* as that takes place, as they then rapidly lose their nutrient properties, a new elaboration of juices taking place, and much of the saccharine principle, which is the fattening one, is destroyed.

Apples.—Winter apples should be carefully picked by hand. Keep them in a cold, moist cellar, the colder the better if they do not freeze.

Plow where you can, and do a thousand other things for which the favorable time is *October*.—Do it all cheerfully, and "with a will," as the sailors say, and Heaven will prosper your endeavors.

For the New England Farmer.

POTATO ROT.

Rumors are in the wind, that the *rot* is again coming; and that it has already appeared, to some extent, in many places. If this be so, it is important to be known, and to have all the facts connected with its appearance minutely registered. I have not myself seen any potatoes, distinctly marked by the rot; nevertheless, I have seen some fields, with appearances very suspicious. I recollect seeing a large field, on the Marblehead shore a few days since, where the vines, very luxuriant, looked as though they had been bitten by a frost;—they were fallen and dark colored—and many persons were employed in digging the potatoes, and crowding them off to the market, where they commanded nearly two dollars a bushel. Possibly the early ripening may have caused the discoloration of the vines, but such effects have not been produced on other fields that have come within my observation.

I know that those who have potatoes to sell will not be swift to make proclamation of their being diseased; and this makes me the more anxious to ascertain all cases of *real disease*, whenever it may be found to exist. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will not hesitate to record all facts that come to your knowledge. In this way, alone, may a remedy ever be applied. P.

August 27th, 1852.

Remarks.—The above communication has been inadvertently omitted until this time.

For the New England Farmer.

ADDITIONS TO THE STOCK OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND USEFUL PLANTS.

Mr. Editor:—Within the past year we have witnessed in our community a new ardor and a new movement in the promotion of agricultural improvement. In the meetings of the yeomanry at the State House, there has been a manifest demonstration that a great number of the farmers of the State are ready, not only to give up the superannuated implements, and to work with the new and improved tools, but that they seriously contemplate taking up new fields; and, discarding old errors, to enter upon an improved course of husbandry. They are willing to hear some things that they did not learn in their apprenticeship, provided there is a rational promise of benefit apparent upon the face of them. A Board of Agriculture has been created, to furnish greater facilities to the farmer by the collection of statistics, and to give aid and encouragement to agriculture in other modes. These things appear to mark a new era in the agriculture of the Commonwealth; to be the commencement of a new progress; and I regard it as a favorable time for making the suggestion herein contained, to the farmers of the State.

The question to which I wish now to draw the attention of the *New England Farmer* is, would it be profitable and expedient to add to the number of the domesticated animals, for the purpose of labor or for food, or for use in the arts, by importing or domesticating some not hitherto in use, or to import or cultivate trees or plants hitherto unused by us? Though God gave man dominion over all

the animals he had created, yet of the numerous kinds that inhabit the earth and air, only a score or two are domesticated in our country, and in most parts of Europe. Out of all the others remaining, either wild in our own country, or in a wild or tame condition in other countries, are there not some that might be profitably brought into use by importation or domestication, which either by their labor or their product would be valuable to the farmer and the State?

In our own country we have the buffalo, which might be very serviceable for labor, and for food, and for the product of leather. It might be worth a somewhat expensive experiment to ascertain whether in either one particular it would be superior to the ox. If the product of leather, milk, butter or cheese or beef should be superior to that of the native breed of neat cattle, it would be a valuable acquisition. Then there is the wild ox of Tartary, and the buffalo of Asia, and as beasts of burden or draught merely, the Zebra of Africa, and the animal called driggetai, or by the French hemione, a native of India, and the camel and dromedary. For their product, the common fallow deer of this country, the reindeer, and lama and alpacca, the chamois—and others that might perhaps prove valuable additions to the present stock of domestic animals. Among birds, the prairie hen and the wild goose, brant, loon, swan and pelican, all natives of our country, and very abundant in the West, about the Mississippi River; the guinea goose, of great size, and the toulouse, the largest of the tribe, the Aylesbury duck, and others of this family, the stork, the guan of Yucatan, the Mexican pheasant, the water hen, and so forth. There may be also some valuable additions to our stock of cultivated fruits and vegetables. The teak for instance for timber, and perhaps other trees for their wood; the Euphorbia of the Canaries, the sap of which furnishes a refreshing drink, the psoralia of our country, the root of which is edible, the sago palm, and some fruits or vegetables for eating, and some plants useful for various purposes in the arts, might perhaps be brought into use, if the means were provided. There is a wild hemp, native to this country, the properties of which have not been tested, except by the Indians, and the character of which as respects cultivation is unknown. But especially some kinds of grasses, either native to this country, or of those cultivated in Europe, might be found, on trial, to be valuable acquisitions to the farmer for hay or pasture. In the last department particularly, of pasture, we think there is a great deficiency in not having the varieties of early and late flowering grasses, so as to have a longer continuance of pasture.

If a portion of the funds of all the Agricultural societies in the State could be united for this purpose, or if some other means could be provided for it, the trial might result in solid advantage. It would be a very appropriate enterprise for the National Agricultural Society recently formed, or for a society of Natural History, if any such have pecuniary ability for it.

A memoir on this subject, so far as relates to animals, was addressed by M. Isidore Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, member of the National Institute of France, to the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, in 1844. Among others, he named the woolly kangaroo of New Holland as valuable for its wool, and as food extremely agreeable and wholesome; and the tapir of Guyana, valuable for his services, and as food, and easily kept. He recommends a menagerie of naturalization; and this has since been commenced in France.

Some of the animals mentioned are wholly unknown as respects their disposition to domestication, and their value if domesticated. Many other animals and plants are well known in other countries. M. St. Hilaire says there are but forty kinds of animals domesticated in France. We are unable to recount the half of that number among us. But if the number here be as great as in France, there is good reason to suppose that some other kinds may be found, on trial, to be of advantage. If, however, the recommendation I have ventured to make in this paragraph, in relation to animals, should be considered valueless, I believe every one who has any conception of the extent of the vegetable department of nature will agree that in this, at least, it may be worth a trial. I have only named a few individuals in each department, for illustration, avoiding an extension of the list, which would make the communication too prolix.

Essex, Sept., 1852. W. J. A. B.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR NORTON.

John Pitkin Norton died at the residence of his father, John T. Norton, Esq., in Farmington, Ct., on Sunday, the 5th inst., aged 30 years. His health failed him early in the spring, but a southern voyage, and two months residence in Florida, gave his friends hopes of its restoration. On his journey homeward in May, he was taken with the measles, and from that time his health was fluctuating, sometimes improved, and then again much worse, until within a few weeks past, when his decline became rapid and hopeless, and soon hurried him to the grave.

Prof. Norton, as an author and lecturer, is well known to the readers of agricultural periodicals. He held for some years, and at the time of his death, the Professorship of "Chemistry Applied to Agriculture" in Yale College, and has lectured frequently and with great acceptability, in this State, on subjects allied therewith. His treatise on "Scientific Agriculture," prepared as a prize essay for our State Society, is widely popular, and in extensive use as a text-book for schools; and his notes to Stephens' "Book of the Farm," together with numerous valuable contributions to the *Albany Cultivator*, and other Agricultural and Scientific journals, have placed his name at the head of the class of writers to which he belonged. His death, thus young, is a loss to the country, and one which every friend of improvement and intelligent cultivator of the soil will deplore. "He had already," says Prof. Silliman, in a just tribute to his worth, "made a strong impression on the public mind; he had gained the confidence of all, and promised a long career of usefulness."

His character as a man and a Christian, was most estimable and winning, he was eminently happy in his social and domestic relations, and everything seemed to promise a pleasant and useful life. But in the midst of his labors and his success, and his promise for the future—in the prime of manhood—One "who doeth all things well," has called him away from the scenes and toils of mortal life to the rewards of Immortality. —*Rural New-Yorker.*

For the New England Farmer.

HOW TO DOCTOR SICK PASTURES.

BY HENRY F. FRENCH.

Before prescribing for a patient, we must understand his disease. There are several reasons why old pastures do not produce feed. A prominent reason is, that the valuable grasses, such as timothy, red-top and clover, from various causes, soon *run out*, and require to be renewed. Timothy, which we, at the North, call herds-grass, and which is perhaps, our most valuable grass, although strictly a perennial, is usually shortlived. It has a bulbous root, which is often *pulled up* by cattle in feeding, is peculiarly liable to be *thrown out by frost*, and to be *destroyed by drought*. The *red clover* is a biennial, and *ought* to die the second year, though if not permitted to seed it lives longer. *Red-top*, which is more hardy than either, is a perennial, but like all other grasses, flourishes better when occasionally renewed from *seed*. In a closely fed pasture little of any kind of grass can mature its seed, so that when the roots are once destroyed by any of the "ills that *grass* is heir to," Nature has no means left to supply the *vacuum* which philosophers say she so abhors, and the ground is ready, like other *idle* bodies, for any mischievous employment, such as raising thorns and thistles.

Then again there is a principle of *rotation* manifest as well in all nature's works, as in political operations. If a pine forest is cut off, a *hard* wood growth usually succeeds; if a *hard* wood lot is cleared, *pine* usually springs up in its place. This is chiefly owing to the fact, that the elements of fertility which promote the growth of the pine are in some measure different from those which promote the growth of the oak or maple, and while the one set have been for ages exhausted to some extent, the other have been at the same time accumulating. So with the grasses. They grow for a time luxuriantly, exhausting the peculiar elements which constitute their substance, and other plants, creeping vines, mosses and the like, take their place, and no valuable food is produced.

It may be suggested, that in pastures where cattle run through the season night and day, this exhausting process would not take place, because all that is taken from the land is returned to it. This would be a fair answer, were it true that the manure is returned to the same place where the grass grows, and evenly spread, and incorporated with the soil.

In that way the pasture would be always productive; but, in truth, the manure is left chiefly in particular localities—about watering places, under shade trees, or sheltered places; and if left *where* it is needed, it is in a condition to be mostly wasted by evaporation. No farmer would expect much advantage from a top dressing, applied as the cattle apply it to pastures.

Again, *cow-pastures*, from which the cows are taken at night, and to which they are returned in the morning, without being fed, are systematically robbed of so much of the elements of fertility as constitute the manure left in the yard, and the milk. Milk contains, among other elements, a large quantity of phosphoric acid and lime—elements which enter largely into the structure of all the valuable grasses, and constitute a large proportion of the *bones* of all animals. Old cow-pastures become in time so exhausted of these elements that cows fed upon such pastures suffer for *materials from which to make milk*, and supply the means of growth for their *bones* and those of their calves, whether born or unborn. As they cannot get their supply in homœopathic doses in the grass, they frequently are seen *chewing old bones*. The farmer calls this the *bone disease*, and so it is; and the remedy is very simple. It is to give the animal a small quantity of bone dust, daily, which she will eat greedily. It is kept at Ruggles, Nourse, Mason & Co.'s, in Boston, prepared for the purpose.

The *growth of bushes*, of various kinds, which shade the land, and exhaust its moisture, and nourishment, by means of their roots, is another manifest obstacle to the growth of sweet and nourishing feed.

Having thus ascertained the nature of the disease, with which our old pasture is afflicted, the *theory* of the remedy will be very apparent, although the *practicability* of it must depend somewhat on the *constitution* of the patient.

Fortunately, however, for this kind of practice, *old age* even is not incurable, although being a *chronic* disease, it requires thorough treatment. Medea is said to have renewed the youth of old Aeson, by drawing all the blood from his veins, and filling them with the juice of certain herbs. The blood has already been drawn out of our patient, and we have only to supply *the juices of the proper herbs!*

If your old pasture *can be* plowed, plow it in the fall, and seed it down any time before the ground freezes, with herds-grass and red-top. Clover should not be sowed in autumn, as it will not endure the winter, but may be sowed in spring, on the late snow. I use twelve quarts of herds-grass, one bushel of red-top, and six pounds of clover to the acre. A sprinkling of winter rye would add much to the next year's feed. Manure of some kind should be harrowed in before sowing, and the *kind* must depend upon locality and convenience.

Every forty gallons of milk contains one pound of *bone earth*, which is chiefly phosphate of lime. A cow which gives two gallons per day for six months, would carry away from the pasture in that form alone, nine pounds of bone earth, as much as is contained usually in twelve pounds of bone dust. Milk contains besides phosphoric acid and lime, appreciable quantities of potash, soda, magnesia, oxide of iron, sulphuric acid and chlorine.

All these elements are usually found in stable and barn manure, but they are there combined with large quantities of vegetable matter, which the sick cow-pasture does not need, so much as the tillage land, besides a vast weight of *water*, which the "sweet heavens" will send down before another summer, and save us the hauling. Let us understand this matter, and see whether it is worth while to haul out barn manure for this purpose. One hundred pounds of cow-dung contains about eighty-three pounds of *water*, worth no more than so much rain water, and fourteen pounds of hay, worth no more than well chopped *hay*, which has *not* been devoured. And of the remaining *three* pounds, a large part is of very little value. Something less than *three ounces* of phosphate of lime, (or bone earth) and not quite *one and a half ounces* of sulphate of lime, (or plaster of paris,)

about *half* that quantity of sulphate of potash, and much smaller quantities of the other elements for which we are searching, are found in the one hundred pounds! I have adopted Mr. Dana's analysis, which corresponds substantially with others.

One ton of barn manure would contain the elements of about *four and a half* pounds of bone dust and *two* pounds of plaster, and one pound of sulphate of potash. It would require, then, more than *twenty tons* of barn manure, to supply one hundred pounds of bone dust; and fifty tons to supply one hundred pounds of plaster! I desire to pursue this branch of our subject, only far enough to show that if we want to supply the peculiar elements in question, hauling out barn manure is not the cheapest way to do it. As old Weller told Sammy about getting married, "it is going through a good deal, my boy, to gain a little!"

An application of two hundred pounds of bone dust, the same quantity of ground plaster, and two bushels of *salt*, with twenty bushels of ashes to the acre, would constitute a cheap specific manure for our purpose. Bone dust should be harrowed in thoroughly. The other substances may be applied to the surface, or which is perhaps preferable, bushed in, with the seed, so as to spread them evenly. They are not of a nature to lose much by evaporation.

Leached ashes, at the rate of one hundred bushels to the acre, would alone be found a good manure for common pasture. Two hundred pounds of plaster, and as much salt, would be profitably applied at the same time.

Land which *cannot be plowed* by reason of stones, is difficult to manage. The application of ashes, and plaster and salt may be made with advantage. Often a good growth of bushes may supply the former. Bone dust should not be left upon the surface, as it evolves a large quantity of ammonia, which is of great value, and would be lost by evaporation. This loss might be prevented by mixing each hundred pounds with a cart-load of soil, or swamp mud, and allowing the compost to stand a few days before using. The addition of a hundred pounds of plaster, either by mixing with the heap before use, or sowing on the surface after it, would tend to prevent the escape of the ammonia.

I advise the application of these specific manures, because they are *cheaper* than barn-manure, and more easily carried and applied. Barn-manure contains other valuable constituents, besides those specified, but so far as old pastures are *particularly* to be treated, its value is in those elements which may be supplied in the manner suggested. I have not been very nice in my calculation of quantities, because none of the articles as usually sold are pure, but they are found more or less mingled with other valuable or nameless ingredients, which help their weight. I trust I have said enough to awaken reflection on the subject, for I know of no department of farming which has been so much neglected as our pastures.

But will such operations pay? are they not too expensive? Let us cipher this matter out. The pasturing of a cow for six months costs on an average six dollars, near any of our villages; and it requires six acres of an old pasture for her supply of feed. Cow pastures in such locations may be valued at twenty-five dollars per acre by the owner, and usually would sell for that sum. Evidently, *that* sort of investment does not pay.

Now, *one* acre of the same pasture, if not very dry, will keep a cow well for the season. The application of twenty-five dollars worth of labor and manure to an acre of almost any moist land that can be easily plowed, will make it produce as much feed as will equal two tons of good hay, and this will keep a cow six months.

Would not the farmer who has not sufficient pasture, act wisely to expend, if necessary, twenty-five dollars upon every acre of his present pasture, rather than to purchase as much more of the same kind at twenty-five dollars an acre?

The smaller your pasture the better, if there is feed enough. One acre is more easily fenced and watched than six, and cows thrive much better when not obliged to travel all day, exposed to the sun, in search of food. Finally, we all know in this region, that the larger our pastures, the worse for the animals, for in midsummer a cow cannot get enough on a hundred acres, to keep up her flow of milk without feeding at the barn, and the shorter her *beat*, the less the wear of her flesh in ranging about under the delusion that pastures furnish sufficient food. H. F. F.

THE POTATO ROT.

We occasionally hear of the appearance of this disease in the potato field, but its ravages have been slight, in comparison with former years. In Ireland, notwithstanding the hue and cry that has been made about the rot, the potato crop will be fine, and it is doubtful whether the disease has even made its appearance, to any extent. The rot is said to prevail in some parts of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, but we do not know what reliance may be placed on the reports that are circulated. The Newburyport *Herald* states that a fine potato field, at Byfield, belonging to Daniel Colman, Esq., of about an acre and a half, in which the potato had grown to a large size and of excellent quality, has within a few days been struck with the rot, so that there is not a sound potato in the field, and the whole crop is worthless. Those which were dug and brought into the house some days before in a sound state, were struck at the same time with the disease, and with equal virulence. The Exeter, N. H., *News-Letter* mentions that a solitary instance of a similar kind has occurred in that vicinity, but thinks the danger of the rot, for the present season, may be regarded as past.

The following communication from Hon. J. W. Proctor, of Danvers, appears in the Salem *Gazette* of Wednesday last:—

"EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE:—Sir,—I see it mentioned that Mr. Daniel Colman, of Newbury, has lost more than an acre of promising potatoes by *the rot*, since the month of September came in.—This is the only well authenticated statement of the appearance of *the rot* within our county, that has come to my knowledge the present season. If there be others, I should like to be informed of them, either by communications to me directly, or through the press, as I am desirous of tracing the progress of this malady, as far as practicable,

within the county. I have seen many fields of potatoes, but no appearance of what is generally understood as *the rot*. Mr. Colman is an intelligent farmer, and therefore I have reason to believe such a report would not be circulated from his place, unless it were well founded; though I cannot understand why the malady should have thus suddenly struck upon his fields, to the neglect of all others. If he will favor the public with an exact statement of the facts, as to the loss of his potatoes, he will confer a favor on many anxious inquirers.

Yours truly, J. W. Proctor."

For the New England Farmer.

A FINE FARM.

Gentlemen:—Passing through the rural part of Roxbury the other day, in the midst of that highly cultivated region, I spent an hour in looking at the farm where the city poor are located. It is managed by Mr. J. H. Meserve, and shows what practical and scientific skill combined may accomplish. The farm consists of 200 acres, and the labor upon it is performed by the poor of the city, with the exception of two persons, who are teamsters. In passing over it I found everything in a condition indicating system, neatness and order, in the highest degree. He has a piece of corn of seven acres, upon which I should judge there would be at least ninety bushels to the acre, and all the other crops equally promising. B.

Remarks.—In a lively fit of gratitude, Sancho Panza called down "blessings on the man who invented sleep;" and in a fit of that kind we call for blessings on the men who are instrumental in taking our unfortunate brethren from the auction block, and placing them in such comfortable homes and amid such delightful scenery as the suburbs of the city of Roxbury affords. There are some towns in New England still, where the poor are annually sold at auction, or at least their support is. Mr. Meserve is in a responsible station, and we have no doubt fills it well. At any rate, if the farm appears as it is described by our correspondent, it is pretty certain that its manager has a good heart, and will make those under his care as happy as circumstances will admit.

PLASTER ON WHEAT IN THE FALL.

As many farmers in this vicinity are putting plaster on their wheat in the fall instead of the spring, as heretofore, I have taken pains to inquire the reason of the change; and believing the information obtained important to wheat growers generally, I take this method of giving it to the million, if you think proper to place it in your widely circulated journal.

Wheat, when plastered in the fall, obtains more root, and is thus enabled to stand the frosts better; it has the assistance of the plaster at a season of the year when it is almost impossible to go over the fields, and when it is most needed—namely, the very early spring; it gets its growth and ripens in good time; whereas, when applied in the spring, the wheat continues to grow late, sometimes to the injury of the crop—a superabundance of straw, falling down, rust, &c. &c., oftentimes being the consequence.—*Genesee Farmer.*

For the New England Farmer.

CAN THE BEARING YEAR OF APPLE TREES BE CHANGED?

Mr. Editor:—I have no hesitation in saying the bearing year can be changed, though to what extent I am not fully prepared to say. It is well known that the even years are our bearing years; this, I think, is because the Baldwin bears even years with few exceptions, and there is probably as many Baldwin apple trees in New England, as all other kinds put together. A very intelligent gentleman from Germany asked me a short time since why the even year was called the bearing year, and I gave him the same explanation that I have given above; he said there was no such thing in Germany. Trees and plants, as well as animals, need rest, they must and will have it; it is true, you may by artificial means over-work them, but the subject suffers to a greater or less extent for its extra exertions. Take, for instance, a Baldwin apple tree that has borne its fifteen barrels of apples—and I have now in my mind one that bore that number in 1850—and could we expect it to bear the next year? Certainly not; it had spent all its energies in perfecting this great crop, and it stood in absolute *need* of time to regain its lost powers; now, 1852, after having rested one year, it is again very full of apples, and probably will produce as many or more than it ever has before; and so it will go on as long as it lives, bearing and resting alternate years. This is also the case with some trees of the Hubbardston Nonsuch that I have noticed bearing very full, *odd* years, and resting even ones, while other trees of the same variety that bear *small* crops, bear *every year;* take the Roxbury Russet, *that* bears almost every year, but bears small crops; the same may be said of other kinds. Now what I mean to prove by the above is, that—and it is well known to all fruit growers—if a tree bears *very large* crops one year, it will not bear the next, but if it bears *small* crops it *may* bear every year. As I have before said, the Baldwin bears large crops every other year and those the even years with few exceptions; and now we may again ask the question, can we change the bearing year of a part so as to equalize the crop; and again I answer, I think we can, and will give my reasons why I think so. In front of our house stand two apple trees, Siberian Crabs, one of which bore the even year, the other the odd; this they have done ever since they commenced bearing until last year, when one of the trees was blasted, both leaf and blossom; new leaves came out, but it bore *no fruit;* this year *both* trees are *full*, nature thus doing what I think art may do, changing the bearing year of apple trees, and I see no reason why the same may not be done with other kinds of trees. I now ask, have we not some cause to believe that the bearing year of our Baldwins can be changed; and if it can, should we not give it our attention, and this for various reasons; first, it would be more convenient for the producer to have the crop equalized, the apples would be larger, fairer, of better quality—I mean higher flavored—handsomer, &c.;—second, the consumer would be especially benefited, for the price with the crop would be equalized;

be would not be obliged to pay two dollars fifty cents per barrel; neither would he be able to get them for one dollar twenty-five cents; good apples should be—and I hope I shall live to see the time when all kinds of good fruit, will be within the reach of every family, however humble their circumstances; but when they are worth from two and a half to three dollars a barrel, it places them beyond their reach; when they are very low, it is true they may buy, but they must, as we see, be deprived of apples every second year, which need not, and should not be the case. I intended last spring to have picked all the fruit off of some of my Baldwin trees, but in the hurry of business, neglected to do so. Should I live until the spring of 1854, I shall try the experiment on my Baldwins to considerable extent, and I would advise others to do the same and make known the result. I have Baldwin trees that bear odd years, from which I cut all my buds to work into nursery trees.

J. F. C. H.

Newton Centre, Aug. 30, 1852.

For the New England Farmer.

THE WEATHER.

Mr. Editor:—Enclosed you have a memorandum of the heat during the mouth of July. The heat has been unusual. Twenty-six days of thirty-one the thermometer has been over eighty. Five days over ninety.

	At sunrise.	*At 12 o'clock.*	*At 2 or 3.*	*At sundown.*
1	60. Rain ½ in.	80	00	68
2	67. Rain ½ in.	78	00	64
3	55	73	00	67
4	54	82	00	70
5	59	88	00	78
6	61	84	00	65
7	60	86	00	70
8	62	89	94	78
9	66	94	96	80
10	64	94	00	82
11	65	87	00	78
12	72	95	00	82
13	74. Rain ½ in.	88	00	74
14	74	88	00	74
15	70	84	Rain ½ inch	78
16	55	86	00	79
17	55. Rain ½ in.	66	00	62
18	54	80	00	62
19	60	84	00	78
20	60	84	00	78
21	74	92	00	79
22	70	94	98	82
23	65	86	00	74
24	60	86	00	76
25	54	87	00	70
26	63. Rain ½ in.	74	00	62
27	58	76	80	64
28	54	80	86	67
29	67	85	00	71
30	67	87	Rain ½ inch	78
31	63	76	00	62

We have had, during this month, 2 3-16 inches rain,—a little more than we had in June; but vegetation suffered much more than it did in June. The weather has been exceedingly hot. Previous to the 26th, the top of the ground was very dry. The two last rains have relieved the top of the ground a little, but it will, without rain, soon be as dry as on the twenty-sixth. Probably the top of the ground has not been so dry for a number of years.

Corn and potatoes, in fact every kind of vegetation, has suffered more or less. Old pastures look dry, and cows complain, and are short of feed. We must stir the ground as often as we can in our gardens, to keep it moist. Stirring the ground deep does have a wonderful effect; no one that has not tried it can duly appreciate the benefit.

In 1805 we had no rain from June 25 until August,—thirty-five to forty days. Nor did we have a cloudy day from June 25 to July 25. In that year we had good crops of hay; but other crops were short.

In looking over my memorandum for 1847, I find the thermometer went over 80 twenty days in succession, and over 90 eleven times during that time, which was warmer than this month; that is, the degree was higher for the twenty days.

Daniel Leland.

For the New England Farmer.

GOV. ENDICOTT AN HORTICULTURIST.

BY S. P. FOWLER.

[*Continued from page* 439.]

The Orchard Farm, a grant of land of three hundred acres, by the Court of Assistants, was the place where Gov. Endicott first cultivated his trees, and planted his vines. It is very generally known, that this farm was situated in what was then within the bounds of Salem, or Nahumkeag, now known as Danversport. A more particular description of this place may be found on the 74th page of the *New England Farmer*, of the present year. We have said in our first communication that the land was first broken up by the plow, in the spring of 1633. On this occasion we may suppose that Gov. Endicott left his residence in Salem, to visit the Orchard Farm, and witness the operation of his new plow, probably brought over in the ship William, which arrived at Plymouth, on the 22d of February, of the same year. His usual manner of visiting his farm in those days, was by embarking in his shallop, and passing up Bass and Water's rivers, and landing at a small cove near his mansion. Upon leaving his house in Salem, which stood at the corner of Washington and Church Streets, he met his beloved ministerial friend and pastor, Mr. Skelton, and after passing the usual salutations, invited him to take a seat in his boat, and visit the "Necke of land," the worthy minister's lately acquired grant of two hundred acres, and adjoining the Orchard Farm. Mr. Skelton excused himself from complying with the invitation of his worshipful friend, by informing him he had been called to visit Roger Conant, jun., "the first born child in Salem," who laid sick of a fever. After a pleasant sail up the river, he landed at the cove, near the spring, where he found all things in readiness to commence plowing.

There were upon the grounds, waiting orders, William Poole and Edward Grovee. Goodman Grovee held the plow. What an interesting event are we about to record, which took place upon a fine day in May, in 1633! Probably nothing less than the turning up of the first soil to the sun in the county of Essex, with the plow share by one of the early Governors of Massachusetts. Here was substituted the venerated plow, for the rude implement of the Indian. The aborigines were accustomed, in the preparing of their grounds for the cultivation of corn, when covered with wood, to destroy the trees by beating off with stones the bark around their trunks, near the roots, thus girdling them. They would then open the ground among the dead trees, with sharp sticks, and plant their corn in hills. In 1637, there were but thirty-seven plows in all Massachusetts. The town of Salem in the same year passed a vote, granting

Richard Hutchinson twenty acres of land, "if he would set up plowing." And as John Blackleach, in 1638, had not "sufficient ground to mayntaine a plow on his farm of 300 acres, the town for the furthering of his endeavures in plowing, and for his incouradgement therein, allow him *more land!*" It is interesting to notice the high encomiums given by the early planters to the value of the Indian corn. But its value has never, as yet, probably been overrated.

The celebrated English cultivator, Arthur Young, once said, "that a country capable of growing Indian corn, was singularly blessed above all others." The Rev. Mr. Higginson, the teacher in the Salem Church, and the particular friend of Mr. Endicott, sent home to England, on the return of ship Four Sisters, a glowing account of the cultivation of the maize. He says, "The abundant increase of corn proves this country to be a wonderment. It is almost incredible, what great gain some of our English planters have had by our Indian corn. Credible persons have assured me, and the party himself avouched the truth of it to me, that of the setting of thirteen gallons of corn, he hath had increase of fifty-two hogsheads, every hogshead holding seven bushels of London measure, and every bushel was by him sold and trusted to the Indians, for so much a beaver, as was worth eighteen shillings, and so of this thirteen gallons of corn, which was worth six shillings eight pence, he made about £327 of it the year following, when you may see how God blesseth husbandry in this land." Aye, Master Higginson, God has continued up to the present day, to bless the labors of husbandry in this country, and we have the promise that he always will. It will be seen from this extract of one of the early planters, what was the quantity of corn raised upon an acre of ground, and the profits to be derived from it. And here it would be well, before we enter upon our calculations, to notice the appliances made in 1629, to stimulate the growth of corn. Master Thomas Graves, sent over by the company, as a man of science, and required to visit Nahumkeag, and exercise his scientific qualifications, when speaking of its soil, says, "It hath not at any time been manured, or husbanded." The principal or only manure used in the cultivation of Indian corn in those days, was the fish, caught in the bays and rivers, and these applied but once in three years. Woods says, when speaking of the soil of Salem, more than two centuries since, "For seaven yeares together, it has brought forth exceeding good corn, by being *fished* but every third year." Then corn was planted in hills, where was placed one or more of the fish called alewives, hardheads, or blue backs, and required to be watched until they were decayed, which was usually in fourteen days, to prevent the corn being disturbed by the wolves, in their desire to obtain the fish. The mossbunker, or hardhead, is still used as manure, in some of the towns on Cape Cod.

Weirs for the taking of fish were placed across the Water's river, and fish was used probably in the planting of the first corn, in 1633, at the Orchard Farm. Now what was the amount of corn by the acre, produced by Mr. Higginson's friend, who avouched for the truth of it? I will commence my calculations, by supposing that six quarts of corn was planted to the acre, and that there were dropped fifty-two quarts. These fifty-two quarts divided by six, would give us eight and two-thirds of an acre to be planted. The amount of corn produced on these eight acres and two-thirds, was 364 bushels—this, divided by the number of acres, would give us forty-two. We may then suppose that in the year 1629—42 bushels of corn to the acre was considered by the Puritans a good crop. The London or Winchester bushel made use of in the measuring of this corn, was used in England, from the time of Henry VII., to the year 1826. It is still in use in the United States. The average crop of corn per acre in Danvers, has been estimated at 57 1-2 bushels. In the county of Essex the same has been estimated at 54 bushels. Corn standing in the field was subject to many more depredators, than are to be found at the present day, which would probably serve to diminish their crops. In a diary, kept by the Rev. Mr. Green, of Salem Village, in 1711, we find the following: "Killed grey squirrels, that devour my corn exceedingly. They have eaten one-quarter of my corn. It is said there are millions of them in this village." Swine being permitted to run at large, became very troublesome in fields of corn, and after much legislation upon the subject of their restraint, a law was finally passed whereby any owner of a cornfield was permitted to kill any swine found in them. This summary manner of dealing with strays, in the olden times, no doubt had a good effect. But we are ourselves straying from our subject. Where is the old Puritan, Governor Endicott? This love of antiquarian lore, has led us sadly out of our way. We must retrace our steps, and find him. But it is time to close this communication, and having in the mean time found the Governor, we will endeavor, in our next article, to show how he cultivated native grapes at the Orchard Farm, and the manner in which he treated the proposition to cultivate tobacco in the plantation, &c. S. P. F.

Danversport, Aug. 27, 1852.

For the New England Farmer.

DOES THE STOCK AFFECT THE FRUIT?

Mr. Editor:—Conversing a few days since, with a gentleman, of much experience in the cultivation of fruits, I inquired, if the stock has any influence on the quality of the fruit of the graft? Certainly, said he, I know it does,—I have seen it illustrated in many instances. He spoke with so much confidence, that I supposed that he must be right;—and that it was a well settled principle of vegetable physiology, that the stock does modify the character of the fruit of the scion.

Is this true, or is it not? If it be true, then what confidence can we have in perpetuating any particular variety of fruit. Take for instance the Baldwin, the most popular apple of the day; into how many thousand different varieties of stocks, has its scions been inserted? Has any one tried the experiment to know whether scions from the same tree, when inserted in stocks, yielding sour fruit, and in others yielding sweet fruit, will yield the same on different qualities of fruit, under like position and exposure? Here are interesting practical questions, to those who are desirous of growing orchards of fruit of the best quality. I wish your friend who answered me with so much confidence, would explain the reason for the faith that is in him. For, notwithstanding his confidence, I have doubts of the correctness of his views of the subject. P.

Danvers, Aug. 29, 1852.

THE IMPERIAL GAGE PLUM.

It is sometimes said that plums are unwholesome fruit. This is not the case, however, if eaten at a proper period of ripeness, and in suitable quantities and at the right time. Some of them are very delicious and strongly tempt the palate, and they are taken in excess; they are taken, also, not as most fruit should be, as a part of the meal, but as a luxurious indulgence after the actual wants of the system have been fully supplied. In such cases, any fruit is always more or less hurtful.

The Imperial Gage, the subject of our engraving, has long enjoyed the reputation of one of the most excellent and productive of plums. It originated at Prince's Nursery, Flushing, N. Y. A single tree near Boston has produced fruit to the value of near fifty dollars annually, for some years.—This plum is peculiarly fitted for *dry, light* soils, where many sorts drop their fruit.

The tree grows freely and rises rapidly, and has long dark shoots and leaves, slightly downy. Fruit rather above medium size, oval, with a distinct suture. Stalk nearly an inch long, slightly hairy, and pretty stout, inserted in an even hollow. Skin pale-green, until fully ripe, when it is tinged with yellow, showing a *peculiar marbling of dull green stripes*, and covered with copious white bloom. Flesh greenish, very juicy, melting and rich, with a very sprightly, agreeable flavor. The stone is oval and pointed at both ends. It is a great and regular bearer, and the fruit is therefore improved, thinning when half grown. Ripens about the first of September.

For the New England Farmer.

STRIPED SWEETING APPLE.

Simon Brown, Esq.:—Dear Sir,—I have sent you some apples; I wish to know if they are a kind you are acquainted with, and what they are called. I never saw them anywhere except on the mansion farm of my late father, Dr. B. Kittredge, of Tewksbury. I knew them 50 years ago. The tree is a good bearer every year. This year the tree in my garden is loaded. We call them the Striped Sweeting.

Respectfully yours, Rufus Kittredge.

Portsmouth, Aug. 21, 1852.

Remarks.—The apples you sent are handsome and of fine flavor, but a little over ripe. We have nothing in this vicinity like them. They resemble the *Jersey Sweeting*, described by Downing.

York Co. Agricultural Fair.—Henry F. French, Esq., of Exeter, N. H., will deliver an address before the York Co. Agricultural Society, at Saco, Maine, on the 6th of October.

For the New England Farmer.

HAWAIIAN AGRICULTURE.

[The following interesting communication is from the pen of one of the most distinguished jurists and law writers of our country, a gentleman, who having gained the highest honors of professional life, finds, in later years, as he says in an accompanying note, that his "early taste for Agriculture has greatly revived, giving it the highest interest of all merely secular employments." Thus much have we ventured to say, and we regret that we cannot feel authorized to affix to the letter the name of its respected author. The testimony of one, who in his early youth, "put his hand to the plow," and labored diligently upon the soil of his native New England, and who has since so successfully labored in other fields, and still "remembers his first love," to the importance of the objects to which our paper is devoted, is exceedingly gratifying. We welcome his article to our columns, and hope we shall hear often from its author.—*Ed. N. E. Farmer.*]

Messrs. Editors:—The increasing interest everywhere manifested in the advancement of agricultural science cannot but arrest the attention of the philanthropist. It is a remarkable sign of the times, that the practical farmer has become a scientific farmer; and that from a position of comparative inferiority, he now, in our country, holds a rank equal at least to that of any other class of the community. The discovery is made, that labor, applied to the soil, is the original and true source of national wealth; and consequently labor is held in honor. It is not the soft hand and the hard heart, but the hand hardened by honest labor, and the heart soft with humane and generous affections, that deserve to be respected.

Agriculture is receiving similar attention and honor in England; and on the continent of Europe the same light is beginning to dawn. But I have been both interested and amused to behold it breaking forth in the isles of the Pacific, as appears by the "Transactions of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society" for 1850 and 1851, which have recently been received in this part of the country. From the preliminary proceedings of this society it appears to have originated with the foreign population, our northern Yankees bearing a conspicuous part. How much merit in this good work may be due to the circulation of your excellent paper in those Islands I cannot say; I only know, Messrs. Editors, that your "*New England Farmer*" has long since found its way there, and I dare say has had its influence in awakening and promoting the spirit of agriculture.

The preliminary meeting was held April 29, 1850, in Honolulu, and resulted in the issue of a circular, calling an agricultural convention to be held in the same place on the 12th of August following. This circular address was signed by a committee, consisting of Messrs. Stephen Reynolds, W. Newcomb, J. F. B. Marshall, R. W. Wood, and Wm. L. Lee. The latter is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Hawaiian Islands, and was from western New York, but received his professional education at the Law School in Cambridge. At the general convention thus called, which was held four days, and conducted with great spirit, the Society was formed, with a Constitution; an able and eloquent address was delivered by Judge Lee, who was elected President of the Society; a memorial to the government was adopted, praying the grant of a fund for premiums; and very interesting reports were made and acted upon, relative to the progress of agricultural science; to reminiscences of Hawaiian agriculture; the benefits of agricultural associations; the value of science applied to agriculture; the manufacture of sugar; the culture of the vine and tobacco; on fences, and on the produce and exports of Maui. The first annual meeting was held in August, 1851, and continued five days; during which an address was delivered by the Hon. Luther Severance, our Commissioner to that government, a public exhibition or show of products and stock was held, and upwards of forty premiums were awarded, for the best specimens of stock, sugar, sugar cane, syrup, coffee, vegetables and fruits. Among the latter, besides the grain and vegetables common in New England, we notice pine apples, mangoes, pomegranites, bananas, figs, cocoa and arrow-root. Several interesting communications and reports were read on various agricultural subjects, and committees were appointed on all the subjects usually receiving attention at a New England agricultural meeting. To what extent the native population have participated in this movement we are not informed; but on the committee on swine we observe the names of A. Paki and Z. Kaauwai; and among the members, J. Ji, and G. L. Kapeau. The reports of the various committees evince an amount of zeal and research which would do credit to similar committees in any part of our country.

The reflections to which these facts give birth are of the profoundest character. Fifty years ago those islands were peopled with countless multitudes of naked savages, of the lowest grade; ignorant alike of the culture of the earth and of the God who made it. The Anglo Saxon came among them; and though the native population has dwindled to a comparative handful, it has become Christian; Christianity has reared her temples; the heathen tongue has been taught to sing the praises of God; native nakedness is clothed; the wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose, and the earth to pour forth of her abundance; and the nation, having exhausted the powers of native government, and emerged from semi-barbarism into the light and rank of a civilized community, is beginning to seek admission into the family of American republics. Z.

For the New England Farmer.

STUFFING BIRDS.

My Dear Brown:—As Mr. Noyes suggests in the last weekly number of the *Farmer*, there was rather an Irishism as my receipt was published, for making *arsenical soap* to be used in preserving stuffed birds.

Two-thirds arsenic and one-third soap and one *ounce* of camphor gum makes certainly an ounce more than the *whole!* However, no great nicety is required in the matter. The arsenic, which has powerful anti-septic qualities, is the main thing. The camphor is valuable from its *anti-bug* properties, and the soap is merely a convenient material, for combining the other two ingredients in a form for preservation and use.

The proportions may be by weight, ten ounces of arsenic (*oxyde of arsenic,*) five ounces of white bar soap, and one ounce of gum camphor; the arsenic and soap melted together over a slow fire, and the camphor added when the mixture is nearly cold. Since my communication on the subject, I have been informed that at the Patent Office, at Washington, the Taxidermists use, instead of arsenical soap, a preparation of about an ounce of arsenic in a gill of camphorated spirits. By the latter term, I understand, a saturated solution of alcohol with camphor gum. Add the arsenic and shake them up together in a bottle. I should think this preparation might be more convenient than arsenical soap. It is applied with a brush in the same way as the other.

I am glad to notice that this interesting subject is attracting attention.

Yours truly, HENRY F. FRENCH.

Exeter, August 30, 1852.

For the New England Farmer.

THE OAK PRUNER.

BY PROF. T. W. HARRIS.

SIMON BROWN, Esq.:—Dear Sir,—In my late communication on the *Oak Pruner*, I forgot to state that Professor Peck gave to it this very appropriate English name in the year 1819, when he described and figured it under the scientific name of *Stenocorus putator* also. Pruner and *putator*, indeed, mean the same thing, the latter being the Latin for the former. I think it probable that the apple tree, of which you sent to me a piece of the lower cut end, had been pruned off by the same kind of insect. The fact that it worked on this tree was new to me; but I recollect to have seen young pear trees, in a nursery, cut much in the same way, and perhaps by the same insect. It seems that the borer did not quite finish his work before the top of your apple tree fell over without coming to the ground; and he did not, as usual, retire into the hole in the upper portion, but was found in the lower or standing part of the tree. You inquire whether, "finding that the top part would not take him to the ground, he descended in order to go through another trial." It is possible this was his intent. Perhaps, however, by reason of a high wind the top went over before he was quite ready for it to fall, and before he had prepared to secure himself in the upper part. He seems to have had a harder job than usual from the beginning. You may remember I stated that the parent beetle lays her eggs singly, close to a leaf, a spur or a twig, and that the borer worm, when hatched, penetrates at the same spot directly into the branch. In this particular case, the borer seems to have found himself, when first hatched, on a small twig, growing out of the main branch. He entered the twig, followed that down, and then had to change his direction in order to pass into the main branch or stem. In this way, we may presume, his efforts were nearly exhausted before he had made a suitable burrow for his lodging in the stem; and that, meanwhile, his instincts impelled him to cut off the stem, because the time for cessation from labor was at hand. I hope I succeed in making myself understood. Insects differ from most other animals in being limited in their several stages of life to definite periods of time, beyond which their operations cannot be extended. If, therefore, from any cause, an insect be much delayed or hindered in its duty, it has to leave it unfinished or imperfectly done, when the proper time for it has passed away. If you look into an old caterpillar's nest, you will sometimes find that some of the caterpillars, instead of leaving the tree and hiding themselves in snug quarters elsewhere when about to make their cocoons, remain in the nest, and make their cocoons there. This is because they were sick and weak; and when the time came for them to go, they had to stay behind and secure themselves on the spot as well as they could.

Mr. HENRY F. FRENCH, of Exeter, N. H., has sent to me a small branch from an elm, which he says has been "cut off by an oak pruner or some similar rascal;" and that his "oaks, near by, are badly cut to pieces by them." He saw the limb fall on the 15th instant, and secured the insects by plugging their holes. My opinion on the case he requests may be communicated to you. A portion of the limb is dead; but the cut end is living, though diseased. The dead part has been very irregularly and circuitously bored just under the bark; and near the bottom of the dead part there is a small round hole made transversely clean through the limb, apparently by a shot. Now this limb, besides and after being injured by the shot, has evidently been bored by more than one insect. Indeed, there are now two borers in it or in the fragments of it; one in a living twig, communicating with the bore in the cut end of the branch, the other in the smaller dead portion.—They are both alike, and are shorter than the oak pruner, and otherwise differ therefrom. I do not think these borers would have been found here, if the limb had been entirely sound. The oak pruner, the apple tree borer, and many others, are found only in sound or living wood; but there are some which attack only diseased or dead wood, and these in the elm seem to be of the latter kind. What the particular species may be, I am unable to tell. They would doubtless, in due time, have been transformed to long-horned borer beetles of some kind or other. Some prunings of my apple and peach trees, taken off two years ago, have been used for pea-brush, and for supports to tomatoes. This summer they are found full of borers, which have worked precisely like those of Mr. French's elm. They often cut off twigs from the size of a pipe-stem to the thickness of the little finger. Their burrows are mostly under the bark and very circuitous at first, but afterwards go into the pith when the twig is to be cut off. Some of them are in keeping to show what they will turn to. Yours respectfully, T. W. H.

Cambridge, August 23, 1852.

REMARKS.—We feel under increased obligations to Dr. HARRIS for his kind replies to our notes and to that of Mr. FRENCH. Explanations of the habits of these curious, but somewhat destructive animals, are to us exceedingly interesting, and no doubt will be so to most of our readers. When Bacon said that "knowledge is power," he undoubtedly meant that it was a power over these little insects as well as over the winds and waves in navigating the ships of commerce or controlling the steam that impels us with such velocity. A

knowledge of the construction and habits of animals is not always power alone, but often *capital* to the farmer. Should he not be constant, then, in studying them, and patient in his investigations!

NOTE FROM A BROTHER.

Below are a few extracts from a letter from one of the editors of the *Michigan Farmer*, published at Detroit. The reader will observe his opinion in relation to deep plowing and thorough cultivation. It would seem needless to urge these points more, were it not that after all that has been said, thousands are half cultivating too many acres, and wondering why they cannot *make more money in farming!* Brother Betts will accept thanks for his invitation to "eat salt" with him, and ramble again over the Peninsula State. We should not half so much fear the "Wolverines," as we should the *sinking and fiery steamers* in getting there.

Detroit, Aug. 19, 1852.

* * * * The weather is excessively hot and dry, and were it not for *very* heavy dews, vegetation would suffer severely. Pastures are parched and dried up.

The wheat crop came in good throughout our State. Corn will be a middling crop; the seed, owing to carelessness in sowing, failed to vegetate at the first planting last spring, and the crop is backward. Where proper care was taken to gather seed early and keep it dry, no trouble has been experienced. Grass and oats are light—potatoes also.

Such a season as this affords a thorough test of the great advantage of deep and thorough over shallow culture. The difference in favor of the former practice is truly astonishing. On a recent visit to the farm of Linus Cone, Esq., of Oakland county, who is noted for his practice of deep plowing and subsoiling, he took us over a meadow from which he had just taken the hay, and seldom have we seen such a growth of grass. An acre was left standing for seed, and we should judge there was over three tons upon it. He had taken from the five acres cut, 30 loads of usual size, of cured hay. It was not what would be considered in New England good grass land, lying on the slope from a high ridge, and is naturally a heavy soil. The great yield was the result of *deep* plowing, thorough culture and drainage. A neighbor's field, much more favorably situated, yielded about a ton to the acre.

He uniformly gets good crops. Since he commenced the practice of deep plowing and draining, he says, the seasons are always good. His wheat is free from rust and insects, and he never suffers from drought or flood.

Truly yours, Charles Betts.

U. S. Agricultural Society. — We have received through the Secretary, Dr. Lee, the first number of the Journal of the *United States Agricultural Society*. We have only time now to express our gratification at the promptness and neat general appearance of this first-born of an association which ought to be of immense benefit to the world. We shall refer to it again.

For the New England Farmer.

ADDITIONS TO THE STOCK OF CULTIVATED PLANTS.

Messrs. Editors:—In a recent communication I suggested the increase of the number of our domestic animals and cultivated plants by domestication and importation. It is in the vegetable department that this subject presents the most interest and importance. Its great value to the farmers of the State may be somewhat appreciated by the consideration of the great benefit to be derived to them, and to the agriculture and wealth of the State, by the introduction of only one plant, as of a new species of wheat that should be more productive, more hardy and more adapted to our meagre soils than any now known to us. But in portions of Europe and Asia are many species of this grain that have never been tried in this country. In France, among other varieties they have, of the common bald wheat, the white Flanders, said to be very fine and productive, but best adapted to good soils; the Hungary, of superior quality, very similar to the Chevalier, a most approved variety; the Pictel, the Saumur, much commended, coming to maturity a week earlier than others; the Tunstal or Hague wheat, one of the best in Norfolk, England; of bearded, the Saisette of Provence, said to be the best of that class, if not the best of all known wheats; the bearded March Tuscan, from the straw of which the fine hats are made; the Caucasian, the kind called in France Herisson, very productive, heavy, and of good quality, may be sown as spring or fall wheat; the red bearded March wheat, a beautiful variety, particularly suited, by its precocity, to late sowing. Of other cereals, both of those used for bread stuffs and for fodder, there are varieties unknown with us. But perhaps it is in the way of pasture grasses that we may derive as large a benefit from new kinds as in anything else. Many of our pastures are despicably meagre, ready to be fed not before June, beginning to be dry and short early in August, as reported by the milk, which is not likely to misrepresent in the case, and, in the best estate, feeding at the rate of five or six acres to a cow. Now it is no trouble at all to intermix this miserable provision for forage with earlier and later flowering grasses, so that the pasturage may be prolonged three or four months, and with others that would much improve the quality and increase the quantity of the feed. There are seven or eight species of clover known in the French agriculture; while, we think, only three or four are cultivated with us. There is the Buchara clover, growing seven to eight feet high, the Siberian Melilot, *Melilotus Alba*, which is well suited to poor and dry soils, though possessing some qualities which detract from its value, and said to have the bad effects as food which are attributed to clover, and in a greater degree, various kinds of lucerne, some of which are not unknown to our agriculture, and an innumerable multitude of grasses, some of which might, perchance, be found, on trial, to be very superior, or better adapted to our soils than any now in use with us.

There may be found, too, some very palatable esculents, which are now strangers to us, and which might be practicable to our soil and climate. The *psoralia esculenta*, or prairie potato, indigenous in this latitude on the western prairies, the wild rice

of Wisconsin, the upland or dry rice of Europe, rather, perhaps, to be named with the cereals, the *arracacha esculenta*, cultivated in Colombia, whose root is said to be equal to the potato: these and many others might, on trial, be found to furnish very agreeable and wholesome additions to the stock of food used for human sustenance, or some of them more profitable for feeding the animals of the farm than those in present use. And as cultivation is constantly introducing new varieties, some of the vegetables of the kinds now cultivated here, may be found in improved varieties among foreign farmers. In France they have a variety of the squash with red flesh, called the portmanteau Squash, very large and full, and the sweet squash of Brazil, flesh whitish, very sweet. In the same manner also, improved varieties of many of the most esteemed vegetables now forming a part of our daily regimen may be introduced into our culture.

I have seen described fourteen varieties of bald wheat and nine of bearded, of the common kind or *triticum vulgare* at present growing in France. In England, I think there are more. Perhaps the number of varieties in this country is not less. But it is still not unlikely that some kind may exist in some of the countries of Europe or elsewhere, superior to the best of ours, or better adapted to our soils. The English wheat is generally more productive than ours. This cannot be due to the soil, for the best soils in the West are wheat grounds. In Kent and some other counties of England, if I mistake not, Mr. Coleman reports over sixty bushels to the acre. It is true he says other fields in immediate neighborhood yield less than half of the others, but he more than hints that this is owing to bad or negligent cultivation. If some kind of wheat should be found so adapted to our soils as to make Massachusetts a wheat growing State, and instead of 2,300,000 bushels of corn and 30,000 of wheat, the amount of her present product, to produce the same amount of corn, and 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, which would be about in proportion to the yield of those two grains in New York, the difference in extent of territory being considered, it would be a very good increase of the agricultural wealth of the State.

I am aware that many persons will look upon the suggestions which I have made in this and the preceding communication, as unworthy of attention, because the result of attempts to introduce new and unknown products or animals into use must be uncertain, and may be therefore wholly profitless. But we cannot estimate the advantage that might ensue from the addition of only one plant or one new variety, that should be more profitable or better adapted to the sustenance of man, or for use in the arts or rural economy, or better suited to the soil and fitted to promote the industrial interests of the State, than any now known with us. If only one new vegetable should be obtained which should prove as valuable as Indian corn, wheat, or the potato, or if a new variety of either of these should be found entirely superior to those we have; if old hard-faced Massachusetts could be converted into productive wheat lands, or if her pasture grounds could be doubled in capacity, such results would be worth a much greater effort and expense than is to attend their importation and experiments to ascertain their value or their tillable quality.

W. J. A. B.

Essex, Aug., 1852.

ANGRY WORDS.

BY D. C. R.

Angry words are lightly spoken,
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken,
By their deep, insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! O, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly,
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,
Brightest links of life are broken,
By a single angry word.

Bloomsburg, Feb., 1852.

Dollar Newspaper.

AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

No. III.—ELEMENTS OF ROCKS.

Rocks are the oxides of metals. Silex, the most abundant ingredient in rocks, mountains, and soils, is the oxide of silicum. This oxide constitutes nearly one-half of the solid matter of our globe. It is the principal element of quartz, in all its varieties, which are exceedingly numerous, and some of them very beautiful. Quartz is the only mineral found every where. Sand is pulverized quartz. Pebbles are fragments of quartz, rounded by attrition. Gunflint is quartz, breaking with a conchoidal (shell like) fracture. Jasper is red quartz, with a fine compact texture. Amethyst is purple quartz, frequently found in six-sided crystals, which is the common shape of quartz in its different varieties. Agate is clouded quartz in numerous varieties, some of which are much used for watch-seals, finger-rings, breast-pins, and other ornaments. Cornelian is a quartz of fine texture, and of a yellowish red color. Chalcedony, bloodstone, catseye, and many other gems, are varieties of quartz.

Most, perhaps all, the gems used in the breastplate of Aaron the high priest, were quartz of different textures, colors and hues. The precious stones presented by the Queen of Sheba to the King of Israel were probably quartz. The stones mentioned in the Book of Revelations, as forming the streets of the New Jerusalem, with all the gems referred to, were but varieties of the stones used for paving our streets, and of the earth mowed by the plow and the hoe of the farmer, and of the dirt carted for filling our docks.

The coloring matter giving most of the beautiful hues to gems, and an endless variety of colors to quartz, is the oxide of iron. The oxide of silicum and the oxide of iron are hence united in this same most abundant mineral in the world.

Next to quartz, felspar, or clay formed by the decomposition of felspar, is the most abundant element for soils. This, too, is composed of several

oxides of metals in chemical combination. Felspar is also very extensively united with quartz in the formation of rocks, not by chemical combination, but mechanical mixture. The felspar and the quartz can be separated by the hammer. Not so with the oxygen and silicum, forming silex. Chemical agency alone can separate chemical combinations. Such combinations in rocks, soils and other mineral bodies are exceedingly numerous, complicated and delicate. The most common stone that meets the eye in any part of the world is composed of two oxides. The oxygen and the metals are each united by common affinity, and then the two oxides are again combined by the same agency to form a "*common stone*," evidently worthy of more respect than it commonly receives.

An Experiment.—Pour upon a little pearlash in a tumbler some strong vinegar. An effervescence will follow, producing carbonic acid. A burning candle immersed will be extinguished, showing that carbonic acid is fatal to combustion. It is equally so to life.

No. IV.—ELEMENTS OF SOILS.

Felspar is composed of four oxides—silex, alumina or clay, iron, and potash; silex predominates. Of quartz, in all its varieties, it is almost the entire element; of felspar, it is the principal; aluminous or clay soils contain frequently twice as much silex or alumina; the quantity of iron and potash in felspar is small, not often over two or three per cent.

It appears then that sand is composed of two oxides or chemical combinations again combined by the same agency. Felspar or clay is composed of four oxides, also combined by chemical affinity, to form a compound still more complex than quartz or sand. The quartz and felspar are combined by a mechanical mixture to form recks and soils.

It hence follows, that in these two elements of soils, quartz and felspar, or sand and clay, are not less than six combinations of ultimate principles, or oxygen and metals, all by chemical affinity, and two combinations at least of those compounds forming those two elements. These six chemical compounds, again compounded by chemical agency, are then united by mechanical mixtures to form rocks and soils.

Quartz and felspar are not only the essential elements of soils, but also among the most important materials in the arts of civilization. The principal material of glass is quartz; that of porcelain, felspar. The presence of potash, soda, or some alkaline substance acting as a flux, is indispensable in the manufacturing of each of these important articles of domestic economy.

After performing the important agency of producing vegetation—of course furnishing our wheat, our corn, our beef, and our pork — quartz of a porous character constitutes the French burr, for changing grains into flour. Pulverized quartz, cemented by iron into sondstone, forms our grindstones, for sharpening the axes and chisels of the mechanic and the knives and scissors of the housekeeper. For some animals it is essential to the process of degestion; fowls cannot live without it.

Every thing animate, and inanimate; every product of nature and of art; every human being in every position and condition of life—the sturdy farmer, the busy mechanic, the industrious housekeeper, the delicate refined lady, the polished gentleman, the enlightened teacher, the wise statesman, and the noisy politician; in a word, every thing which has physical existence, bears visible testimony to the necessity of this important element of mountains, rocks, and soils—of quartz, sand—"a common stone."

Experiment.—Shake a tumbler, containing a little newly-slaked lime and some water; let the tumbler stand till the lime settles and the water becomes clear; pour the water into another tumbler and blow into it air from the lung through a quill or pipe-stem; the clear water becomes turbid with white flakes or sediment, by the carbonic acid from the lungs uniting with the lime in the water, forming the carbonate of lime.

PRUNING.

Few of the duties of the farm are so badly performed as that of pruning—bad in the *manner* in which it is done, and in the *season* of the year usually selected for the operation. Trees are living, sentient things, and must be treated as such.—Their young bark is as vulnerable to hob-nail boots as the back of the hand, and as easily mutilated by a dull saw or knife. No skilful surgeon would amputate a limb with dull instruments, or leave the bleeding wound exposed to the air; but many farmers who have pruned for forty years, and think they "know a thing or two" about it, do both. They have seen the tree put on its green livery in spring, blossom, perfect its fruit and increase in stature, and when it had performed its labors for the season, throw off the foliage which it no longer needed, and spread its broad limbs resistless to the winter winds. Thus they have seen it live and breathe, and grow, and yet never seem to have appreciated it as a living friend, inviting them to its shade, regaling them with its fruits and almost speaking in accents of affection!

Away with the axe, the coarse saw and all dull tools about your trees, and in their places use those of the best make, and with edge as keen as Damascus blade.

Every wound that is made should be covered; if the tree is vigorous, and the place small, it will probably grow over, but covering greatly aids the effort of the tree in perfecting its outer garment. Paint, clay, gum-shellac and waxed cloth are used for this purpose; the shellac and cloth are certainly excellent. The shellac is dissolved in alcohol and applied with a brush; the cloth is spread with grafting wax made rather soft and applied with a brush while warm. A strip of this tied round a wound, or a patch stuck on over it, will greatly facilitate the healing process.

Ninety orchards out of every hundred are mutilated and injured in being trimmed. Limbs that ought to be cut off are preserved, and those that ought to be retained are taken away. Some are sawed partly off, are allowed to drop, tearing away the wood and bark from the under side and leaving a ragged and ghastly wound, that never heals,

but brings premature decay. This is strong language, we are aware, but a careful inspection of most old orchards will confirm it.

There is need of but very little pruning where an orchard has been properly managed from the start; no large limbs will ever need to be taken away, unless broken by winds or injured in some other way. *Prune but little*, is a good motto. Suffer the shoots which start out on young trees to remain till autumn, when they have shed their leaves. The tree needs them, [and Nature, ever ready with her helping hand, sends them out to aid the leaves of the top in elaborating the sap and increasing the whole growth of the tree. We find in an exchange a case in point which we give as confirmatory of our theory. A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*, published at Chicago, Illinois, states that he pruned young apple trees four to six feet high, early in spring, and then kept the shoots rubbed off the lower parts of the stems, leaving only suitable heads,—on one-half the trees. The others were left with their shoots untouched from top to bottom. The result was, that those which received no summer pruning were 25 to 40 per cent. larger than the others, even after they were pruned up to heads the following spring. So it may be noticed in older trees that when most of the limbs are cut off in the process of grafting, large numbers of suckers are thrown out, and we believe for the same purpose that shoots are on young trees,—to keep up a proper circulation and balance in its powers.

As to the best time for pruning apple trees we have no doubt. From personal experiments made for several years, from reliable books, conversations with practical men, and a pretty extensive examination of orchards, we are fully of the opinion that the autumn, after the leaves have fallen, is the most proper time. Where we have carefully pruned at this season it has never been followed by a flowing of the sap and that discoloration of the bark which follows spring pruning. The wounds either heal over or become so dry and hard as to prevent decay, and the tree seems to sustain no check or injury whatever.

The head of the tree should be kept open to the air and light and free from limbs crossing and rubbing against each other. Cut out these and the occasional dead limbs which may be found, and the orchard which has been well managed will need little more in the way of PRUNING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The articles of our correspondents sometimes remain longer on hand than we desire. We give them place, however, at the earliest moment consistent with many circumstances, always existing, but hardly necessary to explain here. It is to the able articles contributed by them that much of the extraordinary success of the *Farmer* must be imputed. They will be patient with us, we trust, remembering that their facts and opinions are not brought to the light for a mere ephemeral purpose, but are recorded in an enduring form, and will be matters of reference and instruction long after they and we have left this stage of action.

For the New England Farmer.

A NEW GRASS.

[The following article was intended by its writer to be published in the *Maine Farmer*, but for some reason it did not appear there. Although it comes somewhat in the form of an advertisement, we give place to it, being desirous to aid in the introduction of any new variety of grass which promises to prove a public benefit.]

DEAR SIR: — I think it is known to the readers of your paper that I have obtained seed from a *single plant*, of a new kind of grass of surpassing luxuriance, found in a turnip field, raised from imported seed, and dressed with guano, (of course, of foreign origin,) transferred to my garden, and by subsequent analysis found to be a species of Bromus; and that I have sold seed to a few persons, for their own use only, at $10 the barrel; and for a less quantity, requiring a pledge that it should not be allowed to go to seed, at $4 the bushel. Thus reserving the sale of seed to myself, while making protracted experiments to determine the best adapted soil, time of sowing, quantity of seed, whether alone or with spring grain and other kinds of grass seed, for pasture, mowing summer-soiling, to plow in green as a fertilizer, and as feed for horses, sheep and dairy cows; and also with the seed, given to stock, swine and poultry,—dry, boiled and ground. Suffice it to say here, I have witnessed the most satisfactory results of my own experiments, and so far as I have heard from others, not the first word of complaint. Our Agricultural Society's committee on farms viewed my pasture sown with this grass, and some acres just ripening, high as their shoulders, and saw in a mow *three tons* of this fragrant hay, cut from *one acre*. The President, Hon. J. W. Lincoln, said, "It is well worth a journey from Worcester to see this splendid grass." They made favorable notice of it in their "Annual Report." Some extracts from this reliable document, (if it has been sent you,) as well as my letter to Hon. J. Davis, chairman of the meeting for agricultural discussion in the State House, in February, — subject, grasses, — would give information and additional interest to your columns. This letter appeared in the *New England Farmer* for June, and the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, April 17.

My principal object now is, to express my wish to distribute what seed I have in time for the autumnal sowing, *without restriction*, and hereafter to share in common all its benefits with the yeomanry of our republic. For this I make the first offer to your State; to any agricultural society or dealer in wares and seeds, who will send me, (with their address,) $100, *to put up ten barrels of clean Bromus seed*, and deliver immediately at our railroad depot, marked and directed according to order; or if preferred, forty bushels in bags. Same time, if desired, I will furnish a particular description and directions concerning its properties and culture, as learned from my various experiments.

I shall make a similar offer to some of my correspondents in the western States, and continue to meet the increasing demand from New England. Of course the earliest applicants will be sure of obtaining, till all is gone, which would scarcely give a barrel to a State. Should this all be retailed, and sowed this fall, and all be saved for seed next harvest, (though it yields "some thirty, some sixty and some an hundred fold,") it will be in a few hands, having small patches, compared with the fields of the union, to which its proprietors must look for the seed of a grass just beginning to be known and appreciated. Years must elapse before the country can be supplied, as it now is with herds-grass and clover seed. My offer invites co-operation and participation in the profits and pleasure now available. I quote from the agricultural committee's "Report," alluded to: — "If they [a jury of cows] confirm the opinion of Mr. Willard, as to the superiority of the grass, then will the agricultural community owe him a large debt of gratitude for having introduced to notice here a species of grass which is highly beneficial on light, sandy soils, much superior to any other species, and producing most abundantly on land of better quality." Very truly yours,

BENJAMIN WILLARD.*

* Will the *Maine Farmer* please copy.

For the New England Farmer.

POTASH ON TREES.

MR. EDITOR:—A few months ago, in looking over the *New England Farmer*, I was not a little startled by an article from Mr. Coffin, stating the pernicious effect of lye as a wash for trees, as I had just treated about a dozen of mine with a pretty pungent preparation of the same. But though his were killed, mine are doing finely. The lye which I used was so strong as greatly to discolor my hands and nails, and I am quite sure the wash was rather more than a pound of potash to a gallon of water. I moistened a spunge and passed it once over the bark—simply wetting it. No doubt the trees would have absorbed more had I applied it, and perhaps to their injury. Was it not too much potash which Mr. Coffin applied rather than the strength?

I believe in the good effect of potash wash for young apple trees, as it easily erases the moss, prevents its further accumulation, obstructs insects, and gives the trunks a good color and healthy appearance. But in future I shall be on my guard as to its strength. L.

Roxbury, Aug., 1852.

REMARKS.—The decision expressed in the last sentence above is just what we have desired to accomplish in regard to the use of potash water.—That every body "shall be on their guard," not only as to its strength, but as to its application. How carefully our correspondent used it. "I moistened a sponge," says he, "and passed it once over the bark—simply wetting it." Now that is a sensible use of so caustic a substance, and would rarely, if ever, be injurious in such hands. A tree is not a stock or a stone to be kicked and cuffed and cauterized and scourged with impunity. It lives, breathes and feels, and if it were a step or two higher in the scale of existence, would die from mere disgust at the treatment it often receives. But, we have no crotchets to cherish on this subject, and mean to avoid a dogmatic and opinionated spirit everywhere.

EFFECT OF IMAGINATION ON COWS.

It is well known to all breeders that try as much as possible to get a pure and well marked stock—now and then a singular exception will occur to throw all their notions and principles into confusion. Several theories have been brought forward to account for this fact. One is that in the various crossings that have taken place, some peculiarity of a forgotten ancestor, after having lain dormant for several generations, has reproduced itself. This is admitted as an undoubted principle in human physiology, and without it sad work would sometimes be made in families. We have in our mind, a family where both the parents are of dark complexion, black hair and eyes, and when one of the children has red hair and light blue eyes. This seeming anomaly is made to be a plain affair, when we know that in the mother's family one of the parents was possessed of a red head with blue eyes, and a portion of the children had a similar complexion. The same principle holds good of diseases. Certain hereditary diseases may not be visible in an entire generation, and yet make their appearance in the next generation.

Another theory, by which these exceptional products are accounted for, is that if a cow or a mare have young by any particular male, the young while in the womb and possessed of a nature, constitution and peculiarities similar to and derived from said male, produces a change in the nature, blood, constitution, &c., of the female, to such an extent, that in any after connection with a different male, there is a liability that the taint of the original impregnation may manifest itself in those succeeding. Facts apparently incontestable, have been brought forward to sustain this position. That all the results as yet witnessed, not assignable to the first theory we have mentioned, may be to another, should "give us pause" from any haste to adopt the notion.

The third theory to which we have alluded, is the effect of the *imagination on the mother*.

That this is a powerful force in the human race, cannot in the least be doubted. Too many well authenticated instances of monstrous births, as the result of excitement to the mind of the mother, have been recorded in scientific works, to admit of a doubt. Every one has some instance of the kind in mind.

The imagination of the brute is lower in the scale, as regards power of extent, or quickness of action—but is not different in every essential particular. Hope, fear, love, friendship, disgust, &c., are as really properties of the mind of brutes as of the human mind, and may be expected to produce the same effects.

The memorable instance of the bargain between Laban and Jacob relative to the division of the herds, is in every mind. Jacob was to have as the wages of his labor, all the "ring-streaked and spotted" of the cattle, or the brown sheep of the flocks. Laban, an avaricious and selfish man, immediately removed every animal that possessed these peculiarities from the flocks and herds, and

gave them to his sons, and put under Jacob's charge only those that remained. Jacob resorted to influence over the imagination, to secure for himself a fair return for his labors. He "took rods of green poplar, and of the hazel and chesnut tree, and pilled white streaks in them, and made the white appear that was in the rods." He placed these rods by the brook, or the gutter of the watering trough when the flocks came to drink, "that they should conceive when they came to drink." To show clearly that the effect produced was through the eye and mind of the individual operated on, it is remarked, "And it came to pass whensoever the *stronger* cattle did conceive, that Jacob laid the rods before the eyes of the cattle in the gutters, that they might conceive among the rods. But when the cattle were feeble, he put them not in, so the feeble were Laban's, and the stronger Jacob's.

An instance is recorded that a pure blooded polled cow was served with pure blooded red polled bull. During the day, however, she had been with a red and white horned ox. The calf produced was red and white, and horned.

An instance was related to us as having occurred on the Manchester City Farm. A red cow was served with a red bull. Afterwards the cow was with and had quite an attachment to an ox peculiarly marked with white. The calf was marked with white as was the ox.

We need more careful observations relative to the results of breeding. There can be, however, no mistake in saying that all breeders should seek out the best animals from which to breed. By *best animals* we do not mean the best accidental animal, but one who has been closely bred for some years.—*Granite Farmer.*

For the New England Farmer.

MR. WEBSTER'S FARM.

Friend Brown:—I had the pleasure, a few days since, of looking at the mansion-house, stock, crops, &c., of the distinguished *Farmer of Marshfield*, the Hon. Daniel Webster. When I arrived at the place in the afternoon, he was engaged in his favorite recreation of fishing. In compliance with an invitation, I called the following morning, when he kindly accompanied me to take a look at his cattle. Among them I noticed an Ayrshire bull, the finest I have ever seen in the country, and the stock generally is of the highest character in most of the points that go to make up our best cattle.

After a cursory look at the stock, Mr. Porter Wright, the superintendent of the farm, very politely answered my numerous inquiries, and showed me such parts of the place as I desired to see. He states that the farm contains about 1800 acres of land; 300 acres of it is woodland, 300 salt meadow and 200 English grass. They cut 300 tons of salt hay each year, and 175 tons of English hay. They have 75 head of neat cattle; among that number are 10 yoke of superior oxen. They have 25 hogs, 200 fowls of various kinds, 75 sheep, imported stock, South Downs, &c. They plant 35 acres of corn, 12 of turnips, 10 of potatoes, 2 of carrots, 2 of beets, 6 of buckwheat, 7 of rye and 7 of wheat. There are 3000 fruit trees on the farm, of all varieties and rare fruit. There are 25 buildings, including 7 dwelling-houses; one of the houses belonged formerly to the heirs of Gov. Winslow, and is 175 years old. It is in a dilapidated condition, and is not occupied by any one. Twenty-five men are employed on the farm through the year. They use 1500 tons of manure per year; a great proportion of it is kelp, which they get from the seashore. Mr. Wright says it is good to make into compost manure, and it does well to plow in green. There are a number of different soils on the farm; clay, loam, sand, peat, muck, &c. After examining the fields and meadows, we returned to the house, and took a look at the garden, which was very fine indeed. It contains about two acres of fine land, abounding with the best and rarest fruits and fragrant flowers. Beyond the garden at the south, there is an artificial grove, and summer house. About the centre of the farm, there is a high elevation overlooking most of the farm and surrounding country, and far out in the sea. Upon this eminence, Hon. Abbot Lawrence erected a liberty-pole, surrounded by an American eagle,—a fit and appropriate emblem of the defender of the constitution. The library is in the north wing of the mansion, containing the portraits of Lord Ashburton, Mr. Webster, and his son who died in Mexico, and filled with books of all descriptions and languages.

TIME FOR PRUNING.

Volumes have been written on this subject, a great part of which is mere theory. Many prune in the spring from custom, and others in June because the wound heals quickly, not reflecting that it is of more importance that the wound heal soundly than quickly. We give directions according to our experience for thirty years.

Slight pruning, in which very small limbs, or dead limbs of any size, are removed, may be performed, when most convenient, in any season. Moderate pruning should be done in June, July, or August, though it will answer very well till Dec. If trees are pruned in July, Aug., or Sept., the wood will become hard, sound, and well seasoned, and commence healing over; and it is not material, otherwise than for appearance, whether it heals over the first, second, or third year, as it will remain in a healthy state.

We should prefer Oct., Nov., or even Dec., to the spring, which is the worst season. The trees then are full of sap, and it oozes out at the wound, which turns black and decays, like a tree cut in the spring, and allowed to retain the bark. But if limbs, ever so large, are cut in Aug., or Sept., the wood will become hard and remain so, if it never heals over.

Thirty-two years ago, in Sept., we cut a very large branch from an apple-tree, on account of injuries by a gale. The tree was old, and it has never healed over; but it is now sound, and almost as hard as horn, and the tree perfectly sound around it. A few years before and after, large limbs were cut from the same tree in spring; and where they were cut off the tree has rotted, so that a quart measure may be put into the cavities. —*Cole.*

The Black Excrescenses on the shoots and limbs of plum trees are now coming, and they sometimes break out on the bodies of small trees in such a way that it is difficult to remove them with the knife, without cutting away the whole tree. I

have this summer had three such cases, and have cut off most of the tumor and wet the remainder with spirits turpentine. The tumor in each case has ceased to grow and has perished. In the first instance the turpentine spread a little around the sore, and destroyed the life of the bark as far as it went. I was after that careful to wet only the tumor. The sores were on trees that I set this spring. None came on trees that I have kept for a few years with the ground well manured and *salted*. I esteem them a *scrofulous* disease of the tree.—S. C. HAMILTON, Buel, N. Y.—*Genesee Farmer.*

FRUIT GROWING.

The *Farmer's Monthly Visitor*, in urging the people of New Hampshire to grow fruit, has the following encouragement:—"In East Bradford, Mass., about six rods from the Merrimack, stands an apple tree fifty-four years old. It is a black russet, and is surrounded on the north, west and south by a barn, pig-stye and house. Its roots pass under the barn and stye; the hens and turkeys roost on its top. It is of course strong and healthy as stimulant can make it; its branches almost reach the ground. Thirty-five years ago, when that tree was nineteen years old, it produced nineteen bushels of apples! These apples readily commanded $1,50 per bushel. And for thirty-five years it has not produced less than thirty-five bushels yearly—and one year as many as thirty-three bushels! We name the striking fact to show that trees should be planted in every nook and corner where they will have nutriment; and if the fruit be selected with great care, pleasure and sure profit will arise from planting.

"And farmers are sure to find a market. Why in Manchester alone, it is estimated that five thousand barrels of apples are consumed annually. One confectioner here tells us that he retails at his counter four barrels per week; two hundred and eight barrels a year sold by the copper's worth! and at one counter! He also tells us that four years since, during the peach season of two months, he sold two hundred and fifty bushels of peaches—something more than four bushels per day. Then of peaches there must have been sold in Manchester, in 1848, two thousand bushels! Then of apples and peaches, there must be sold in Manchester alone, not less than $12,000 worth annually. In Concord, Nashua, Portsmouth and Dover, not less than $5000 worth of these same fruits are consumed in each town; and in Lowell not less than about $55,000 of these productions annually. This market is now principally supplied from places south of us. The farmers of New Hampshire should supply much of this produce."

TO MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.—You may make a horse follow you in ten minutes. Go to the horse, rub his face, jaw, and chin, leading him about, saying to him, "Come along;" a constant tone is necessary. By taking him away from other persons and horses, repeat the rubbing, leading and stopping. Sometimes turn him around all ways, and keep his attention by saying, "Come along." With some horses it is important to whisper to them, as it hides the secret and *gentles* the horse; you may use any word you please, but be constant in your tone of voice. The same will cause all horses to follow.

For the New England Farmer.

MUSK-MELON SEEDS.

MR. EDITOR:—Having been a constant reader of your excellent paper ever since its commencement, I take pleasure in saying that I consider it the best family paper in the Union; and so long as I can "raise the wind," I intend to be a subscriber.—Consider me a life subscriber. I now take some six or eight different newspapers, but the *New England Farmer* heads the corps.

Enclosed you will find a new variety of musk-melon seed, which I obtained from one of the planters on the Saluda River. They were brought from the Island of Cuba last season, are of an excellent flavor, and of a mammoth size; some of them will compare in size to the marrowfat squash. I could obtain only a few, and as I thought I would not be selfish, concluded that some of my New England friends would like to try them. If you consider them worth the trial to plant, you can do so, and thus forward the cause of improvement.

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE T. PECKHAM.

Graniteville, S. C., Aug. 5, 1852.

REMARKS.—That "every man has his weak spot," is a proverb as true as it is trite; but weak or strong, no man, who labors earnestly to do good, whether in the field, at the bench, in the marts of trade, or at the desk, can remain insensible to the opinions of those for whom he labors. To us the good opinion of those for whom we cater from week to week is a "tower of strength," encouraging us onward and upward in the noble work designed by the Creator for a large portion of the human family. We thank friend P. for his kind words and act in sending us seeds. If fruit from the seeds is found better than we now have, it shall be scattered and known as PECKHAM'S Cuba Melon.

MIDDLESEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The following remarks are copied from the *Middlesex Farmer*, and we hope every farmer in the county who is not a member of the society will read them. Send along the V, brother HILDRETH, and the Diploma shall be forthcoming.

"We thought when the offer was made by the society last spring, of holding the Cattle Show and Plowing Match in that town from which the most new members would join the society, that there would be quite a spirit of emulation awakened in our farmers in large towns of the county. The society needs funds, and had the farmers of Groton, Framingham, Cambridge and Malden, felt as great a zeal in forwarding a cause devoted to their own interest, as they do in pushing forward a political candidate of this party or that, it would not in all probability have done them as much or even more good.

"We don't expect that we shall this year induce the society to hold their Show in Westford by our own individual exertions, but, Mr. Secretary, put us down as a member and the $5 William shall be paid over according to the bye-laws."

For the New England Farmer.

FARMERS' SONS.

When a young man leaves his home in the country for a less desirable one in the city, or elsewhere, the inference, as a general thing, is either that he is "spoiled" by indulgence on the part of the parents, or by certain influences which may have fallen upon him, led to despise labor on a farm, and induced to seek a less laborious and more easy mode of life. That these are not the *only* causes which induce boys to leave a good home and farm, the following sketch may perhaps show.

"I am really very glad to see you, Mrs. Gove, this afternoon. Do you know that it is nearly a whole year since I've had this pleasure, and you my nearest neighbor!"

"I did not think it was so long, but—but, I have a great deal of care."

"Yes, you certainly must have. Let us take our work and sit on the piazza; it is much cooler there and secluded from the sun."

"Can we see our meadow from there, Mrs. Norton!"

"Let me see—O, yes, very well."

"Mr. Gove, with the men and Billy, have gone down to the lower field fencing, and he wished me to have an eye on the meadow, as that fence is all down and our cattle are in the road. I see you have finished planting, Mrs. Norton. You have every thing done in season, and yet you never seem hurried, or fretted. You must take comfort."

"Why, as to that, we feel that there is nothing worth doing but is worth well doing; and feeling thus, we own but little land, a small farm compared with yours, and we find no difficulty in having our work done at the right time."

"Yes,—and I can hardly realize, Mrs. Norton, that this is the same place where I played, when a child, 'tis so changed, and so beautifully changed; these handsome trees—why in this very spot twenty years ago a sand bank 'twas, in which nothing grew but dock and tansey. I used to get the double tansey for grandmother, to color her cheese with. I am not surprised that my Billy should say, as he did to-day, that he was never so happy as when he was under the ash tree down by the spring. Really, Mrs. Norton, that is the only one near our house, and that is fast going to decay.—You have vines, trees and shrubs, and beautiful flowers; why, it seems to me these things must tend to make home pleasant."

"You are right, Mrs. Gove; we feel that by cultivating a taste for the beautiful in nature, we improve the character and soften the heart."

"I know you are right, and not for my sake, but on Billy's account, I wish I could make Mr. Gove think as we do. But perhaps I do wrong to speak in this way, for Mr. Gove has more care now than any one man ought to have, and I know that he has no time for any thing but barely to take care of what he has, without making any improvements. But I am in hopes when William grows up, that he will get time to set trees and make our home pleasant, for a more ardent lover of nature I surely never saw."

"Mrs. Gove, of course your husband knows his own business, but I've often thought that it would be for your interest all round, if your husband had less land to care for. I mean, if he would sell some, it certainly would lessen his care as well as your own."

"Perhaps so, but really Mr. Gove does 'nt think it looks just right for a man to part with property which has been handed down from father to son, until it is now in the fourth generation. 'Tis true I have a good deal of care, and must work hard, but I have no reason to complain, though 'twould be very nice, what little time I have to sew, to sit in such a cool, delightful place as this. Perhaps I'm all wrong, and think too much of these things."

Mrs. Gove was returning from the visit to her neighbor, which they had mutually enjoyed, when a pat on the shoulder caused her to exclaim, "Are you tired, Billy?" as she gazed earnestly at that pale face, and sought to read the language of those dark and handsome eyes. "Are you tired, my dear?"

"Yes, mother, O, I am very tired; for don't you think after I had helped father as long as he had any thing for me to do, I went into that pretty grove where sis and I played the week before she died, and there, right by a little mossy bank, was a little larch tree, and mother, I wanted very much to dig it up and bring it home, and set it out by your bed-room window. I am sure, mother, it would look beautifully there, and then I never should see it without thinking of little Alice."

"Did your father take it up for you?" said Mrs. Gove, as she strove to force back the tears that would come.

"No, mother; I took the spade and tried; I dug all round it, but I could'nt start it a bit, when I tried to pull it up, and then I asked father if he would let Mike take it up for me. You know, mother, that Mike is a good hand, for he helped take up and set out all Mr. Norton's trees."

"And what did your father say, my dear?"

"He said, 'don't be so foolish, child—we've no time to fool away,' or something of that kind. I wish *I* had strength to pull it up; but I don't know as father would let me set it out. Do you think it is foolish, mother?"

"My dear child, your father has a great deal of care and anxiety, and you heard him say this morning, when the man called to tell him his fence all lay flat, and everybody's cattle were in, that his work was driving him continually; so perhaps father thought 'twould be wrong to spend the time that is now so precious to us, in doing what we could get along without doing."

"Well, mother, does father take much comfort? He is always behindhand, and he never finishes all the jobs he begins. Why, don't you know last summer we had so much to do that we did not get time to hoe that piece of corn between the woods, and I heard father say myself, that it did not begin to pay for the plowing. And mother, you know I heard it talked over at the store, how father had to pay for that strip of land he bought of Mr. Chase, twice, because he did not get time to make the deed, and Mr. Chase died before 'twas done. When I hear people say to father, 'you are the richest man in town,' or, 'you own the most land,' why, I think, well, I don't see as father is any happier than the neighbors, that have n't half as much. Why, I heard father say to-day that he was harrassed to death."

The night after the above conversation, as Billy was quietly sleeping, and Mr. Gove sat with his arms folded, and his eyes resting on the wall, Mrs. Gove asked her husband, in rather a timid tone, if

he had noticed how fully Mr. Norton's fruit trees had blown.

"Well, I believe I saw them, or heard some one speak of it. But I am tired."

"Yes, I think you must be; you've worked hard all day."

"I have worked like a dog, and what does it amount to?"

"Do you think," said his wife, "considering we have to work so hard and hire so much help, that it is for your interest to keep all the land?"

"Think—I don't think any thing about it. I've got it, and I must take care of it. I should look well spending what has so long been in the family. As long as property is in land it is safe; but change it into money, or any thing else, and ten to one 'tis soon gone, nobody knows where."

"Perhaps you are right; but it seems to me you could take much better care of less, make it more profitable, and at the same time relieve yourself of this care and anxiety, which I fear is wearing upon you. And then you know William is slender. I don't think he'll ever be able to work as hard as you have done."

"He never will, if he is brought up to think he is too good to work. He has notions in his head now that I fancy will do him no good. You have been over to Norton's this afternoon. I suppose his wife advised you what was best for us to do.—Why, Betsey, can't you see through it all? They have been and sold half of their farm, and laid out the money in trees and I don't know what all,—sent the boys to school instead of teaching them to work, and so she wants us to do the same.—Ha! ha! misery likes company. The long and short of it is, Betsey, Mrs. Norton wanted to get rid of work. I wish they had sold the whole concern and cleared out, for I see plainly you nor William can go over there but it bewitches you. No—you never will see me covering my land, or surrounding my house with *boughten* trees. If I had time I should like well enough to set out a maple or something near the house. I should like one or two for the horses to stand under, but I have n't the time, neither do I think it best to encourage any such notions in the boy. You know how it is—'if you give an inch they'll take an ell.' He begged hard for us to dig up a larch this afternoon, but indulgence will spoil any child. If I had done that for him, why he would only have wanted more, and if he got too many such notions, why he is headstrong, and the first we should know he would be off like others we know of. No; the only way to get along with children is to be *strict;* no arguing with them, and no giving way to their foolish wants."

"Do you think it was indulgence that made George White go to New York? I don't know but what it might be, his mother was dreadful careful of him."

"I should like to know what 'tis makes boys leave their fathers' homes and farms and go off to the city, and barely get their board, if it is'nt letting them have their will and way."

"I have no doubt that over indulgence begets self-will, and overcomes a child's sense of duty, so that restraint is thrown off, and parental obligation disregarded; but husband, I do believe one thing, and that is, if we wish Willey to love his home, we must make it happy; if we wish his warmest affections to cluster around this place, we must make it attractive. You think the Norton boys are indulged too much, but this indulgence is nothing more than a desire on the parents' part, judiciously carried out, to make them useful and happy. And I believe they take the right course. No children love their home better than they do. Mrs. N. tells me that it is with the greatest reluctance that they leave home in the vacation, to visit their cousins in the city."

"Well, well, don't say any more, for I have as much as I can do to get through the day's work, and I for one want to sleep in the night! Mrs. Norton is welcome to her notions and I will have mine!"

While Mr. G. is wrapped in the "sweet sleep of the laboring man," and Mrs. G. is revolving in her own mind the many different plans which suggest themselves to a mother's ever watchful heart, for the good of her boy, let us take a peep at the character of both parents and child.

Had a stranger inquired of almost any one in N., "what sort of a man is Mr. Gove?" the answer would probably be to this effect: "Fine man, sir, upright, honest, and firm; *trifles* don't move him, sir." Granted—but let *us* see if there can be, with these good qualities, nothing wanting.

Mr. G. was stern; in his view, the "*smoothing over*" of an affair was never advisable. Billy, as a child, had much to contend with in the way of passion, pride and self-will; like almost all children occasional acts of thoughtlessness and hasty impulse led him into error and its painful consequences. Had his father been careful to "do justice to his better qualities, while at the same time he blamed and convinced him of his faults," all might have been well; but Mr. G. never met his errors in "love and conquered them by forgiveness." Unjust harshness actually confirmed him in error. Mr. G. was spoken of as a generous man, but to use the beautiful language of one departed, "There are those who are lavish in attention and presents to friends, but who never imagine that their own home circle has the first and strongest claim to kindness, whether of word or deed. Affections and thoughts lavished on comparative strangers, never radiate on home; but when given to home first, they shed light and kindliness far and near." Mr. G. never won the heart of his child. How was it with the mother? She possessed the rare combination of "gentleness with firmness, submissiveness with dignity." Her anxious desire was to do justice to his better feelings, and while she wished to educate his mind, she was more anxious that his heart should be won and taught.

But little change, outwardly, was visible in the Gove family when William had reached his eighteenth year. The homestead remained the same—save some marks which "Time's effacing fingers" had not failed to make. The "ash tree," by the spring, was gone, and the maple "for the horse to stand under" had never been "set out."

One fine morning in May, William asked his father if he might have the sorrel horse to go to the village adjoining. Permission was given on condition that he would return before dinner. Dinner came, and with it came William.

"What has our William been doing!" exclaimed Mr. Gove, as he gave a hasty glance at the window. "Cutting a wagon load of withes!"

"I don't know, but I can't see very well without my glasses."

'Twas easy to see, however, that that hasty glance had ruffled the smooth current of his thoughts, for he at once knew that withes needed no roots. William took out the horse, wheeled the wagon into the shed, and entering the long kitchen, seated himself at the table. The mother with her quick perception failed not to understand why that shadow rested upon the father's brow. Hardly a word was spoken—Mr. G. upon leaving the table took up a newspaper, a thing which he rarely had time to do; it was evident to Billy, however, that he was not reading very intently, for the paper was upside down. When William left the house he went directly for the spade and hoe, and walking deliberately down the hill side, south of the house, commenced making holes twelve feet apart, where he had helped his father plow the day before. He had thus been engaged half an hour, when rising to wipe the heavy drops of moisture from his forehead, he saw his father looking earnestly at him.

"What are you doing, William?"

"I am fixing places to set out trees?"

"What kind of trees?"

"Peach and pear trees, sir."

"Where did you get them?"

"I bought them at a tree auction to-day."

"You did! Well, you can't set them here, sir."

"I can't—what's the reason?"

"There are reasons enough, though I'm under no obligation to tell children; yet I won't be particular this time. In the first place, I wish you to understand once for all, that you take one step too far when you buy trees without leave or license, and more than that proceed deliberately to put them on my best corn land. And now you can do what you please with the trees. You have taken far too much liberty. You shall never set them on my land."

Without one word, William shouldered his spade and walked to the house. His mother, who stood at the corner window, although she had heard no word spoken, understood the whole affair perfectly. She saw William shoulder the spade, and then her heart beat heavily, but quickly raising the corner of her apron, she wiped away the tears which were fast falling, and met her son with a smile.

"Well, mother, I've done," said he as he sunk down on the old kitchen chair, "I've done trying to be any thing here. *He* wont let me be any body!"

"My child, don't speak so disrespectfully of your father. *He*, Billy, that sounds dreadfully; never say *that* again, my son."

"I can't help it, mother, I shan't stay here. You know what I told you last week, mother, and to-day I have had something come across my feelings, harder to bear than all. When I was coming from the village, I met a man with a double wagon, and a beautiful larch tree in it. I was hoping to buy it, so I asked him where he got it, 'Squire Gove gave it to me,' he replied. O, mother, wasn't that too much? I asked him who took it up, and he said his Irishman, that he called Mike. I could have torn that tree in splinters, mother. I rode round by the grove, and sure enough 'twas gone, and the mossy seat all trampled and torn. Do you think after that I would ask him to *let* me set out the trees? No, mother, if father can do without me, I can do without him. I shall go away as soon as you can get my things ready. Of course the folks will say—'What an ungrateful boy to leave his father alone,' but why can't father try to please me as well as others—as well as strangers? There are the Norton boys—if father had done one-quarter for me that their father has done for them, I should be very, very, happy. O, mother, don't feel so bad—you must not blame me. I know you are a real Christian, mother, but I an't like you—you overlook, and forgive everything. I am some like father; I wish I was just like you."

William expected his mother would entreat him to stay at home, but no, not one word did she say in favor of it. She knew these were little things to cause the boy to leave the home of his youth for a home among strangers, but she knew also that the joys and griefs at home are almost all made up of little, very little things.

We will hasten over the particulars of William's leaving home, and only say that his father's parting words were, "I can do without you as long as you can without me, William." In four weeks from this leave-taking, William was a sort of waiter on board a Mississippi steamboat.

Mr. Gove hired an extra hand;—many people shook their heads meaningly, and said it was a pity, a great pity, but nothing new or strange, for an only child to be spoiled by indulgence; but there, he was a pretty, bright boy, and they supposed it came hard to punish him, but, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was scripture.

The summer was passed, the golden grain was garnered, and the rich fruits secured, when Mr. Gove, who had grown somewhat moody of late, called Mike to the back door, and giving him some directions, took his hat, and passing out the other door, joined him.

"Let me see, you have the spade and hoe. Well, now, come down with me to the side of the hill where the early corn was planted, and do you remember where the holes were, that William made last spring?"

"And sure 'tis not me that's afthur forgatting sich things, for didn't I put a flat stone by every hite of 'um; and didn't I in hoeing and harvest keep them from being shoved a bit? For do you mind, sir, I set a dale by the boy—he wouldn't hurt a baste, sir, and his heart is as big as a whale."

"Well, well, that's enough, Mike. Now you bring all the trees you buried in the swamp, and set them out just as you did Norton's, and do you know which were the trees designed for the holes William had opened?"

"And faith I mind it well, for didn't I tie a string round 'um, and lay 'um jes so."

"Well, set them right, and when you have done them, call me from the house."

Mr. G. took the arm-chair, and moving it to the bed-room window, seemed lost in thought. Surely, he must be sick, for he never was known to sit down of a week-day except at meal times.

Two hours passed and Mike was passing the window, when he was thus accosted by Mr. G.: "Have you done, Mike?"

"Sure, sir, a plasant job to me, I was lazy to quat it."

"Now take your spade and prepare a place by this window, where you see I've placed the stick.

for a larger tree. Now if you have it right, go over to Capt. Burns' and ask him if he will sell me that larch tree in the west corner of his birch lot. Tell him the price is no object, and be careful you don't break any of the small roots; be very careful, Mike."

"No fear o' that, sir."

"Stop, that is not all. When you come home, call at Smith's, and tell him I have concluded to let him have the land, and tell him to come over this afternoon and Squire Norton will be here to fix the writings. Tell all who inquire for me that I am sick."

Before night one-third of Mr. Gove's land was in Mr. Smith's possession, and the deeds on record. The larch seemed quite at home by the bed-room window.

And now, what strange spell was this upon Mr. Gove.

"O, there are moments in our life
When but a thought, a word, a look has power,
To wrest the cup of happiness aside
And stamp us wretched!"

The evening before, Mr. G. chanced to take up a school-book of William's, and on a blank leaf were written, in a neat school-boy hand, these simple lines:

"'Tis the last blooming summer these eyes shall behold;
Long, long er'e another, this heart shall be cold:
For O, its warm feelings on earth have been chilled,
And I grieve not that shortly its pulse will be stilled."

Mr. G. dropped the book, and wandered he hardly knew whither, till he found himself in the swamp where William's trees were buried. What followed the reader already knows.

Mrs. G. had finished her day's work, and was seating herself in the little rocking chair, when Mr. G. called to her from the bed-room.

"Betsey, will you sit in here? I want you to write a letter to William to-night."

"To-night! Why it is after nine o'clock!"

"I know it, but I shall feel better if it is done to-night. I feel sick all over, and perhaps I am nervous."

"I will write what you wish me to, my dear husband."

"O, don't say so—but tell Billy I wish him to come home without delay; tell him for the love he bears his mother, and for the love *I bear him*, to come now. Say that my hand trembles so I can't write this, but I say it from my inmost heart."

Mrs. G., with an overflowing heart, quickly performed the delightful task.

"And now, Betsey, I will try to ask God to watch over that boy, and to soften my own proud heart."

"O! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer."

June, beautiful June, the "month of roses," found Mr. G. in that "old arm chair," by the bed-room window, but O, how changed!

"His hair was thin, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year,
Cares that were ended and forgotten now."

It was the last day of his earthly existence. The gentle breeze as it swept through the light foliage of that beautiful larch caused him to open those eyes so soon to be closed for ever—and as they met for the last time on earth those of his own Billy, upon whose arm his head rested, he whispered, "I die happy now," and the scene of life had closed.

M. F. D.

Brentwood, N. H.

DELAYS.

By Robert Southwell—1595.

[We copy the following verses from an old English book, and believe their promptings just as good as though they were not *two hundred and fifty-seven* years old!]

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when sooner wrought,
Ling'ring labors come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks behind;
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourned have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.

PROPER SIZE FOR FARMS.

No error is more universal than for Tyros in farming operations to suppose, that the business of farming may be pursued without means, and that first crops may be obtained from the soil without any additions. Nor is this error confined to the uninitiated only—for many farmers continue to plod on, trusting simply to the waste materials of the farm for manures, and raising small crops at full expenditure for labor, and no expenditure for manure, and much less amount of labor as compared with the increased amount of crop. For these reasons many farmers fail of success, and they are generally constrained to follow this practice, from having farms of too great a size, and insufficient cash capital for their proper management. Current cash means, equal to twenty-five dollars per acre for the amount of land in use, is absolutely necessary for success, and even this sum is the very smallest amount that can be used with profit. With such an amount the farmer may buy his fertilizing materials at proper seasons of the year, have them properly prepared, and use them in the most economical manner. He may then have every acre of his farm in condition to produce a maximum amount of profit. When labor is misapplied, it is lost forever, but if an excess of manure should be used, it still remains, if properly prepared before use, for future crops, and with many amendments it appears to be nearly or quite impossible to use an excess quantity. As an instance, suppose a crop of corn to be raised with ordinary manuring, the labor of culture twelve dollars per acre, and the crop resulting forty bushels of shelled corn. Let us suppose a similar acre, to which thirty dollars' worth of manure is applied, thirteen dollars labor, and the product a hundred bushels of shelled corn—it will readily be seen, counting on the corn alone, the first crop, the corn being worth fifty cents per bushel, makes a loss to the farmer of four dollars; and probably leaves his land impoverished, while the last makes a gain of seven dollars in corn, leaving the land improved, certainly to the value of half the cost of manure applied, and the next year in the succession of

crops, the ratio of profit will be materially increased in favor of the more highly manured land. With many of the heavier crops the labor constitutes two-thirds of their cost, and, therefore, if the crops can be increased by the application of manure without material extra labor, such excess of crop is at much less cost, and yields much larger profit.—*Working Farmer.*

VERMONT STATE FAIR.

The great Farmers' Festival for 1852, in the State of Vermont, took place at *Rutland* on the first, second and third days of September. A few days previously to the fair there had been a copious rain, which washed up the trees and grass, and giving all vegetation a fresh and lively appearance, and at the same time moistening the parched earth so as to make it pleasant under the feet.

Addresses were delivered on the first day, by Wm. S. King, Esq., Editor of the *Journal of Agriculture*, in which he spoke eloquently of the importance of a more systematic mode of husbandry, and enforced his text by many well drawn illustrations;—and on the second day, by Mr. Seward, a member of Congress from New York.

The arrangements for the Addresses, the exhibition of the stock, inplements, floral exhibition, domestic manufactures, for refreshments and for witnessing the movements of the horses, were good. Some 30 acres were enclosed by a high fence, with entrance gates at convenient points; in this enclosure was a large grove of noble rock maples, in the midst of which the cattle were quietly reposing, and in which pens for sheep and swine, and the Mechanic's and Floral Halls were erected. Water was freely introduced, provent was plenty, and the green turf or the clean straw forming a couch, there was as pleasant a scene of quiet and contentment as one will seldom find among the ruminators. Within this delightful shade there was also a higher order of enjoyment; men, women and children, all in holiday attire, had released themselves from the busy cares of life, and were reaping a rich harvest of pleasure in the attractions of this festival. Here, a group of stalwart men, sons of the mountains, gravely discussed the surpassing merits of their favorite breeds of sheep, swine and cattle, or boldly pronounced on the elegant action and high mettle of their rampant steeds; there, in floral hall, ladies examine articles of fine texture and skilful workmanship, wrought with exceeding patience and care, and proving that the graces are not strangers in the household where utility *seems* to be the presiding genius; and *there*, in that sequestered spot, where the breeze plays with dark curls and the sunlight touches fitfully the glowing cheek of a comely maiden and the thoughtful brow of him who sits beside her—*there* is a delightful part of the ceremonies "not mentioned in the bills." But we will not obtrude *there*. May the pure air of heaven chant anthems over their heads in the tops of the old maples, and the flutterings of their leaves be in consonance with the hearts that flutter beneath them. We pass on.

Fifteen hundred persons could be comfortably accommodated on the seats erected for witnessing the movements of the horses, and from thence often proceeded the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs and bursts of applause for some favorite charger, as they once rose in the Roman amphitheatres, but on very different occasions. In short, the spot was happily selected and the arrangements were judicious.

This fair was the second which has been held as a State Fair, and of course brought together much that might without exaggeration be called excellent. The horses, taken as a whole, cannot, we confidently believe, be equalled in the union. Not that as many horses cannot be selected in any other State, possessing as much speed, or as much beauty, or as much power as these, as separate and distinct qualities; but that they cannot be found *combining* all these qualities, and thus making the *perfect* animal. A horse may have too much muscle, or too much action, as well as not enough. But here we saw such a nice adjustment of the requisite powers, of shape, spirit and action, as left nothing to be added, and nothing to be taken away without detriment to the whole.

We have looked with some care at the blood horses at the South, as we have more than once at the noble specimens reared on the hills of Vermont. These breeds have the three great requisites desired in the horse—endurance, speed and docility. The blood horses of the South have the speed, and the Vermonters that hardihood and power of endurance which makes them eminently calculated for the practical purposes for which they are wanted. When these qualities are combined, they will produce an amimal which shall with proper training win a three mile heat on any course. The high blood, neat and nervous, but well turned limb, of the Southern horse, combined with the round, muscular, and deep-ribbed trunk of the Vermonter, will make up an animal unsurpassed in the world. There is a little jealousy, we noticed, among the farmers of Vermont, in relation to their horses; but we think it unnecessary, and in the end may be injurious to their common interest. The Black Hawk and Morgan, from their configuration, action and spirit, are of the same blood, and only exhibit different qualities from the influences growing out of different keeping and training.

Then there were the *French Merino Sheep*, very properly attracting attention. For some cause or other, Nature found it inconvenient to increase the *body* of the animal beyond a certain size, while at the same time she wanted *a great deal of wool* So she has run the fleece down to the very hoofs.

over the forehead and about the eyes; but not content with this, she has formed large folds of skin about the neck of the animal and covered them with thick coats of the finest grade of wool.—Messrs. Sharpe and Taylor, of Lockport, N. Y., purchased two bucks of S. W. Jewett, of Middlebury, at $200 each, one of which gave a fleece of 21 pounds last spring. The Messrs. Bingham and Mr. Campbell also had sheep of this breed which were attracting much attention.

A pair of fat oxen, of Williston, from Henry Miller, were unusually fine. Although but four years old, their weight was estimated by several farmers to come nearly up to six thousand pounds. One of these was a half blood Hereford, and the other a half blood Durham. A two year old Devon bull, owned by E. L. Pease, of Landgrove, was a remarkably fine animal, as was one owned by L. Warren, of Montpelier, two years old, and weighing 1588 pounds. A Devon heifer belonging to Wm. R. Sanford, of Orwell, with her calf, seemed to be, as the novelists say, "the cynosure of all eyes"—and to our own eyes, she seemed so near perfection as to puzzle us to add an improving point. Then there was a pure bred Hereford cow, the property of A. L. Brigham, and said to possess extraordinary merits. The show of cattle was neither large or remarkable; it was probably nothing like the exhibition the Vermonters are able to make.

Of *Swine* there were but few, but some of them very fine,—of the Suffolk blood.

Of *Poultry*, we will say nothing, but invite our good friends to visit the county shows of the Old Bay State, and *hear our cocks crow!*

The show of *Fruits*, *Vegetables* and *Flowers* was very limited. More attention will undoubtedly be given to these useful as well as ornamental parts of their fair hereafter.

There was a fine display of household articles and agricultural implements, castings, furniture, musical instruments, &c., &c., but which we have neither time or space to enumerate now. The exhibition of paintings, tapestry, needle work, &c., &c., afforded proof of taste and skill on the part of the makers, but will all be improved at their next Fair.

We are obliged to be brief in our remarks, but prefer being so to postponing the subject to another paper. Space must be found, however, for personal acknowledgments—first to the liberal policy of those in charge of the several roads, who made a "clear track" for us wherever inclination prompted us to go. This is the true policy of all the railroads. The great gatherings of the people, agricultural, religious and political, are all heralded to the world through the press, and at each of them proprietors are subjected to heavy expenses in obtaining the reports of their proceedings. It is as sound policy for those who control the roads to carry persons at reduced prices on those occasions, as it is for the government to reduce the price of postage; the net income will be far greater, without much increase in expenditure.

The especial acknowledgments of the Editor and of Mr. Raynolds, one of the proprietors of this paper, are due to the officers of the society, and to Mr. James Barrett, and his interesting family, at Rutland, for every accommodation and attention one feels the importance of after a weary travel.

At the *Island House*, at Bellows Falls, conducted by C. R. White, Esq., we found ourselves in a kind of fairy land. In point of excellence at the table, in the attention and quiet deportment of the servants, the general convenience, neatness and order of the house, it is equal to any other in the country. In beauty and boldness of scenery, it surpasses most of the attractive spots in New England. We commend this beautiful spot and the accomplished landlord of the Island House to those seeking health or amusement in rural scenes.

Returning by way of Brattleboro', we passed the night at the *Revere House*, conducted by James Fisk, Esq., and there found the same attention, quiet, neatness, and order prevailing, as above. Both of these places are emphatically the *Home of the Traveller*. Snugly seated among the everlasting hills, their sides laved by the waters of the Connecticut, and refreshed by the thousand silver streams dancing down their sides, Brattleboro' is one of the most attractive spots in New England. This charming place, and Bellows Falls above, cannot be too strongly recommended to persons from the city in search of recreation and health.

On the whole, the Vermonters made a fine display of the good things of their noble State, and of their kindness and hospitality, and their *Second Annual Fair* will be remembered by thousands with feelings of much gratification.

THE BEANS.

Mr. Editor:—Seeing a short paragraph in your paper of Thursday, in regard to "Eccentric Beans," I wish to add a few words in respect to the same.

Last year I planted about two hundred hills of horticultural beans, which are thought to be the best running pole beans; they came up very well, but instead of following the poles, as is customary, they immediately turned into bush beans, and yielded quite bountifully. This is the first year that such a thing ever happened in all my experience of farming; and I believe that, judging from the reports of other, your statement is entirely correct. I think the beans are forming a private party, and intend obeying their own master rather than the will of the poles.

An Old Watertown Farmer.

—*Boston Journal.*

☞ To preserve meadows in their productiveness, it is necessary to harrow them every second autumn, apply top dressings, and roll them.

ARABIAN HORSE "TARTAR."

The above cut represents "*Tartar*," one of three young *entire* horses, of Arabian blood, bred by Asa Pingree, Esq., of Topsfield, and now in possession of J. S. Leavitt, Esq., of Salem, Mass. He was six years old in the spring of 1852, and was sired by the imported full blood Arabian horse "*Imaum*." Tartar stands fifteen and a fourth hands high, weighs nine hundred pounds, and is of a dark grey color, with dark mane and tail.

The engraving above pretty well shows the configuration of "Tartar," but cannot represent the agile action, flashing eye and cat-like nimbleness of all his movements. It shows, however, the beautiful Arabian head and finely-set-on neck; his ample, muscular quarters; his flat legs, rather short from the knee downwards; and his long and elastic pastern. All his motions are light and exceedingly graceful, and his temperament so docile that a child may handle him.

The owner of "Tartar" has also two other horses of the same blood. The first, "*Sultan*," was seven years old in May, 1852, sired by Imaum, and out of a full blood English mare. Stands fifteen hands high, weighs about nine hundred and fifty pounds, and is of a light grey, or rather light chesnut, dapple color—fine figure and action. The second, "*Prince*," was seven years old in August, 1852, sired by *Imaum*, and out of a Vermont Morgan mare; stands fourteen and a half hands high, weighs nine hundred and fifty pounds, and of a granite or stone grey color, which was the color of the sire.

The Horse *Imaum*, sire of the three horses above mentioned, is the horse referred to in the *New England Farmer*, for 1849, page 355, as follows:—

In 1842, a fine Arabian horse, of pure blood, was presented by the sultan of Muscat to David Pingree, Esq., of Salem, as a mark of distinction and particular regard, selected as one of the best from a stud of one hundred horses. Hon. Richard P. Waters, late United States consul at Zanzibar, who shipped said horse by order of his highness the sultan, remarks as follows of this race:—

"It is well known that all the superior properties of the Barbary, the Andalusian, and the English blood horse are derived from the Arabian. This blood of horses have greater powers of endurance, better wind, or *bottom*, as it is technically called, than any other in the world—beside more ease of motion, activity, and grace of action.

"It is unnecessary to recommend him to those who are fond of fine horses, as highly worthy of their attention. Richard P. Waters."

It is undoubtedly the *combination of different and excellent qualities* which makes up the best horse. The Arabian possesses remarkable powers of speed, and it is said of endurance, too—but we cannot doubt that the Arabian, mingled with the best of

the English road horses, has produced a stock better than either of the originals for the practical uses which we make of them.

The introduction of this splendid animal into our columns affords us an opportunity to refer to an anecdote or two, showing the strong love which the Arabs have for their noble steeds. They have exhausted all the wealth of their fine language and rich imaginations in descriptions of the beauty, spirit and pride of the noble animal. The mare of Shedad, called Jirwet, is thus mentioned :—

Shedad's mare was called Jirwet, whose like was unknown. Kings negotiated with him for her, but he would not part with her, and would accept no offer or bribe for her; and thus he used to talk of her in his verses: — "Seek not to purchase my horse, for Jirwet is not to be bought or borrowed. I am a strong castle on her back; and in her bound are glory and greatness. I would not part with her were strings of camels to come to me, with their drivers following them. She flies with the wind without wings, and tears up the waste and the desert. I will keep her for the day of calamities, and she will rescue me when the battle dust rises."

What energy and power there is in the following description :—

"But at the clash of arms, his ears afar
Drinks the deep sound and vibrates to the war;
Flames from each nostril roll in gathered stream;
His quivering limbs with restless motion gleam;
O'er his right shoulder, floating full and fair,
Sweeps his thick mane and spreads his pomp of hair;
Swift works his double spine; and earth around
Rings to the solid hoof that wears the ground."

The Bible has several passages of surpassing grandeur in relation to the horse, showing that his speed and power were appreciated in those remote times. A description bordering upon sublimity may be found in Job, chapter 39, to which the reader is referred.

HINTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

September is a sort of preparatory month for bringing to a close the operations of summer and commencing on autumn. The farmer will therefore find a benefit in having his eyes open to both ends of the season. If the drought has left you anything of the herbage kind in the shape of second growth, or rowen, a careful collection and saving of it will demand your attention, and as the hay crop was a light one, anything that can be saved for that purpose will come into good service next winter.

The root crops require some attention in the way of being freed from weeds, and thinning out; *provided, nevertheless*, the grasshoppers have not already done the latter for you. They will now begin to swell out their roots and increase in size in this respect, until cold weather checks their growth.

If you have not already sowed your winter wheat, and the drought has probably kept you back, it would be well to get it in now as soon as possible. Don't be frightened because the drought last fall, and the severe winter past, destroyed so many fields. Such a concurrence of seasons may not happen again for many years.

There have been a good many thousand bushels of first-rate winter wheat raised in Maine this year; besides, the weevil has done but very little damage indeed to spring wheat. So thank God; take courage and put in the wheat in faith and with a liberal hand.

Early fruit requires your care; whatever of early apples cannot be sold in the market, should be given to your hogs or to your cattle, or pared and dried, and not be suffered to rot and go to waste.

Look over your flock of sheep and cull out those which will be too old to winter, and see, if they are not now fit for the butcher, that they be put in a situation where they will become so before housing time. Start your hogs to fatting, and if you propose to fatten a cow, or steer, for your own home consumption, it would be well now to give them a little extra feed.

If you have a muck mine, and have not already improved the late dry weather in getting into the "diggings," seize the first opportunity to open it for the benefit of your compost heap.

If rightly managed it will make your crops laugh next year, and laughing crops make comfortable people.

Beans, when the leaves have begun to turn yellow, and the bean is in a dough state, may now be gathered and stacked between two stakes, where they will ripen and dry well. You should be careful not let them touch the ground at the bottom, as they will be likely to rot if they do.—*Maine Farmer.*

BOB'S NOTION OF BOOK FARMING.

Bob, the farmer's son, thus expresses himself of an improved system of farming, in the *Indiana Farmer:*

Editors Farmer :—I have only to say to you that I wish you would keep your agricultural paper to yourselves, and away from our house.—Since the old man has been taking it, there is "no rest for the wicked," certain. He keeps us hauling *muck* (as he calls it,) manure, old ashes, and even makes us clean out the pig pen and put the filth on the fields. Formerly there was some mercy shown the horses, for we plowed only three inches deep, but now, nothing less than ten inches will do, and the corn ground is to be plowed below that with a new plow he has just bought.

The next thing, I presume, will be to take the bottom out of the well! We used to take the *Palladium*, and he would suck down the politics contained in it as gospel truths, and had plenty of time to spend half a day, and time to talk about who should be elected, and who should not. But he don't read that paper now, and he is as anxious to get the *Farmer*, as he was formerly to have election day come round. He is all the time talking about new "fertilizers," &c. He don't only talk either, but he makes us boys hoe it from morning till night. We have had to tear down all the fences, and re-set them, and he has got the old lady in the notion of white-washing the garden fence. What foolishness! and the plague of it is, we boys will have it to do—just wasting the time we might spend in fishing. So keep your paper to yourselves, and we will have some rest again.

Bob.

For the New England Farmer.

A NEW LAMP.

DR. SIEDHOF'S IMPROVEMENT—PATENTED JULY 27, 1852.

Not long ago, an extract was given in this valuable paper from a private letter to its editor, SIMON BROWN, Esq., concerning a new lamp, which, it is hoped, will supersede the use of the camphene lamps, an article so dangerous that the laws of the State should forbid it. In attempting to give a brief account of the properties and peculiarities of my lamp, I must premise that I am a philologist and teacher. As such I was a professor of a college in Germany, my native country, and, after my arrival here, established a boarding-school for boys at Newton Centre, which was transferred to Lancaster, Mass., in the spring of last year. From a few articles of mine, printed in the *Farmer*, it will have been observed, that I am also very fond of the sciences, especially of natural history, chemistry and natural philosophy, and, having acquired some little skill in mechanical operations, such as turning in wood and metal, grinding optical glasses, etc., I can be the more useful to my pupils in occupying their minds in some of the hours of leisure in an agreeable manner.

About *eight* years ago, I directed my attention *to the construction of lamps*. As those lamps, considered then the best, were either too expensive and liable to getting easily out of repair, or consumed too much oil, I proposed to construct a lamp free from the above objections and uniting the advantages of them all. As a German philologist, I commenced my operations at the root *i. e*, I studied the history of the lamps, their different arrangements in different times, and their gradual improvements. Although unsuccessful in a great number of experiments, yet I was not discouraged, nor lost ever sight of my object in view. At length, about a year ago, I accomplished what I wished, but a calamity in my domestic life prevented me from taking any actual step.

Those a little more acquainted with lamps than their common and daily use requires, know well enough that the *first* and *most important requisite of a good lamp* is a *constant, never lowering level of the oil*. A changeable level makes the light constantly decreasing, and impairs not only the eyesight, but tends to wasting the oil in such a degree as it will hardly seem credible to those not practised in the use of the *Photometer*. The only lamp, in which the level of the oil remains constant, is the *Carcel* lamp. Still it is too expensive for general use, and gets so easily out of repair, that even such as can, without difficulty, afford the money, become soon displeased with it. The so-called *Liverpool* lamp *approaches* a constant level, but it has so many inconveniences, that its use is limited. The general way to *diminish* the disadvantage arising from a changeable level, is to enlarge the *surface* of the oil. This, however, is not avoiding it, nor does it exclude or obviate other defects.

After my lamp was ready for use, I did, on purpose, not make any comparative experiments with it; for as I had labored so many years for *the thing itself*, not for pecuniary profits, I wished to remain unprejudiced, awaiting impartially the results from experiments to be made by others. So I invited, in the middle of January last, three gentlemen of this place, viz.: Rev. Mr. BARTOL, Rev. Mr. EDWARDS and Dr. LINCOLN, to spend two successive evenings with me and to experiment with the lamp. Those gentlemen were kind enough to comply with my request, and to conduct the experiments during *ten* hours and *five* minutes. My lamp was compared with a common glass lamp with two solid wicks. Both were filled with equal quantities (4 ounces each) of the *poorest oil* we could get. It cost 75 cents a gallon. The light of both was measured by a Photometer from hour to hour. The data obtained in this way, were the basis of the conclusive comparison and calculation.

Not being able to enter here into a detailed account of the lamp, I confine myself to the description of the results as given by me in an article on the lamp, which I wrote for a New York paper, at the request of the editors.

1. The construction of the lamp, being based on the application of two philosophical principles, has *no machinery about it*. It is as easily managed as a common glass lamp, and cannot get out of repair, except by breaking it.

2. *Any sort of wick* can be used in it, viz.: the common round solid, the flat or band (Altstroemer's), the hollow round (Argand's), and the semi-circular (Gohl's) wick. The lamp, of course, must be arranged for any of those forms of the wick.

3. The lamp which was used for the experiments, consumes, *in a given time*, exactly as *much oil as a common glass lamp*, but

4. It produces 2 2-3 *as much light as the glass lamp*.

5. The light of the glass lamp is *constantly decreasing*, so that after the fourth hour, the level of the oil has to be raised by pouring water into it, because it will not burn any more. The light of my lamp *remains unchanged from the beginning to the last drop of oil contained in it*. How beneficial this is to the preservation of the eyesight, everybody will admit, nothing being more destructive and injurious to the eyes than that imperceptible, gradual diminution of the light in common lamps. Beside, my lamp needs no trimming for five or six hours.

6. The level of the oil remaining always at the base of the flame, *the poorest oil* can be used in it as advantageously as *the best*. It is evident from the above, that the capillary attraction of the wick is entirely dispensed with, and that it consequently is unimportant whether the wick becomes clogged or not.

7. The lamp can be arranged for chimney glasses and globes just as well as not.

8. Any kind of shade can be used. *For shades*, Hinley's blue square shade deserves the preference.

9. The lamp can be made with *one*, *two*, etc., or *six burners*.

10. Its external appearance is very handsome. Still it can be made, I think, for 75 cents or a dollar a piece.

I wish very much to have it distinctly understood, that the above statements are *literally true*. Our age is the age of improvement, but also the *age of show*. *Appearances* go farther than *realities*. I hope that the names of the gentlemen who made the experiments, and who permitted me to refer to them whenever I should think it advisable, as well as the references on my prospectus, will warrant my moral, scientific and literary character.

Being, as yet, undecided as to the course I shall have to pursue in introducing the lamp to the public, I shall, with pleasure, attend to inquiries directed to Dr. Charles Siedhof, Lancaster, Mass.

CHARLES SIEDHOF.

For the New England Farmer.

THE NORTHERN SPY APPLE.

MR. EDITOR:—Cultivators need not be told that this apple is one of the best and most beautiful of spring apples; but they probably have yet to learn whether it will do well in New England. At present there is a diversity of opinion as to its success here. Some cultivators are ready to condemn it, others to give it a longer trial, and a few think its success is certain. But I see little said of it in the agricultural journals. Why this dearth of facts? Has any one yet fruited it on the young and vigorous tree? If so, was the fruit fair, and what was the soil and its position? I think if you or some of your correspondents would answer these queries, your readers would be grateful.

For freshness and tenderness in the spring, this apple is unequalled, though it will not keep so long as the Roxbury Russet, and cannot therefore supplant it. It is a fruit which has excited more interest than any other for the past few years, and so much has it been admired, that any new facts concerning its culture among us will be seized with avidity, though perhaps with some fear of disappointment. L.

Roxbury, Aug., 1852.

REMARKS.—We have no apple trees of the kind mentioned in bearing yet, but know where there are some; will see them and collect the facts.—There is plenty of knowledge on this subject among our intelligent correspondents, and some of them will undoubtedly communicate it for the public benefit.

SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.

In your May number, SILAS H. MEACHAM inquires where the supherphosphate of lime of good quality may be obtained, and what is the price. You say, in answer, "It is being manufactured by the New Jersey Zinc Co., and is for sale in New York city at 2½ cents per pound," (price of guano.) This manure may be manufactured by Mr. Meacham, or any other expert farmer, for less than one cent per pound, and the certainty of having a pure article and saving his 1½ cents to expend in agricultural works.

The plan I adopt to dissolve bones, is to have them ground as fine as I can, put them into a wooden vessel, pour on as much water as will wet them, generally till it rises to the upper surface; then pour in sulphuric acid 40 lbs. to 100 of bones; stir them frequently, until dissolved. After the bones are dissolved, I mix them with as much earth as will enable me to spread it over the field. The cost will be—

For Bones,	100 lbs., at 1 cent per lb.,	$1 00
Sulphuric acid,	40 lbs., at 2½ cts. per lb.,	1 00
Water,	80 lbs.,	
And we have	220 lbs. of the manure for,	$2 00

and I have not much doubt a better article than the one made by the Zinc Company.

Last year I raised some mangel wurzels, and manured some of them with this manure put in the bottom of the drills, and they wheat thus dressed was the best I ever cut; I think it paid four or five times the cost of the manure. There is no manure made that is so cheap as this superphosphate of lime.—S. G.—*London Britain, Pa.*

We have often recommended our readers to preserve bones, and convert them into superphosphate of lime; but, as many farmers have no bone mill in their neighborhood, and getting sulphuric acid is somewhat troublesome, it would be a great advantage to have a good article that could be purchased ready for use at a reasonable price—two and a half cents per pound we think an exorbitant one; and, as it is manufactured from a *mineral* phosphate of lime, and contains no organic matter, the bone-made superphosphate would be a superior article for wheat and other grain crops. It is said, however, that the mineral contains 90 per cent. of bone-earth phosphate, and as bones contain but 45 per cent., the mineral-made superphosphate of lime will be the best article for mangel wurzel, beets, ruta bagas, turnips, and all crops which are particularly benefited by phosphate of lime.

The method of dissolving bones as recommended by our correspondent, is a good one. It is preferable to mix the water with the bones previous to adding the acid, than to mix it with the acid before applying it to the bones.—*Genesee Farmer.*

AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE.

A letter writer for the *Republic* says:—"A trip of six hundred and fifty miles, from the northern to the southern extremity of France, justifies me in the expression of my opinion that God's sun does not shed its rays on so fair a land, or one so thoroughly cultivated. The whole country is literally a garden. Every square foot, from the mountain-top to the lowest ravine, is made to produce something, if it be susceptible of it. Their mode of planting or sowing their crops, whether on plain or hill-side, produces the finest effect on the appearance of the landscape; the place allotted for each crop is laid out in squares or parallelograms with mathematical precision, and, whether large or small, the best garden could not be divided with greater accuracy. As there are no fences or hedges, and as the different crops are in various stages of maturity, you can imagine the variety of hues that meets the eye, and the magnificence of the panorama that stretches out in every direction as far as the vision can penetrate. I am sorry to add in this connection, that seven-eighths of the agricultural labor is performed by females, while two or three hundred thousand stalwart men in uniform are idling away their time in the barracks of the cities and villages. In the absence of fences, cattle, secured by ropes, are driven about their pasturage by females; and sheep are confined within the required limits by boys, assisted by a shepherd's dog. Speaking of cattle, reminds me that, notwithstanding fresh pork is abundant enough in market, both in England and France, I have not seen a live porker in either country."

For the New England Farmer.

CATERPILLARS—RASPBERRIES—BOB-O-LINKS.

Mr. Brown:—Not content with receiving weekly an amount of information equaling my subscription in value, I claim a Yankee's privilege of asking questions, and rely upon the patience of an agricultural editor for satisfactory replies.

1. I wish to know the best method of freeing our trees from the ravages of the web-worm or summer caterpillar. For two seasons I have attempted their extermination, and were it not that I see nearly every orchard in this vicinity covered with their unsightly web, I should be ashamed to acknowledge my success has been rather limited. They are easily destroyed on small trees if taken when they first make their appearance, but they are frequently on the extremities of the branches of large trees where they cannot be reached, and coming as the first of them do in the middle of "haying," it is no small matter to watch them in an extensive orchard.

They commenced operations this year about the middle of July, and have continued to come in fresh swarms until the present time, attacking all kinds of fruit trees, except the peach and plum, and extending their depredations to most forest trees and ornamental shrubs. I have tried various methods of destroying them, and among others, burning with strips of birch bark, but they will "stand fire like a salamander," seem to work under water nearly as well as in air, and in fact, nothing but crushing appears to be effectual, and they are so scattered among the leaves, that great care is requisite to get them all in that way.

The only time at which I have been able to find them collected, is in the middle of a warm day, but I will not undertake to describe their habits, as I hope to have it more correctly and fully from you or Dr. Harris. (*a.*)

2. Where can Dr. Harris' Work on Insects be obtained, and what is the price of it? (*b.*)

3. What season is most favorable for transferring the native Black Raspberry from the field to the garden? (*c.*)

4. You remark in a late *Farmer* that the male Bob-o-link exchanges his black and white coat for a brown one, and I would like to know if there is good evidence of this, or whether it is merely derived from the fact that none but brown ones are seen after a certain period? (*d.*) W. F. B.

Ashfield, Aug. 20.

Remarks.—(*a.*) Our friend seems to be pretty well "posted up" on summer caterpillars already. Dr. Harris gives an account of them on page 254 of his work on insects, but which is too long to copy here. He says, "So soon as the webs begin to appear on the extremities of the branches, they should be stripped off, with the few leaves which they cover, and the caterpillars contained therein, at one grasp, and should be crushed under foot." The spiral brush attached to a pole, and a large stock of patience, will work great destruction among them in ten hours. But you have an "*extensive orchard.*" How many would be happy to have you transfer it to them, together with the *necessity* of keeping off the web worms. Well, it *is* a tax to keep them off to which many of your neighbors are not subjected. Our prescription is, patience and the brush!

(*b.*) Dr. Harris' Work on Insects Injurious to Vegetation is out of print. In a note he informs us that he is busily engaged in preparing a new edition, which will be issued in the course of the coming winter.

(*c.*) The black raspberry (thimbleberry?) is transplanted successfully in the autumn after the leaves are fallen, and in the spring. There is no difficulty in cultivating them, as they are hardy and only need common care. They are productive and wholesome, and ought to be in every garden.

(*d.*) We have great confidence in the books—they are (the good ones) but the recorded experience of those who are the closest observers, and who take the most interest in the subject they write upon. Speaking of the bob-o-link, Nuttall says, "they appear sometimes inclined to have a second brood, for which preparation is made while they are yet engaged in rearing the first; but the male generally loses his musical talent about the end of the first week in July; from which time, his *nuptial or pied dress begins gradually to be laid aside for the humble garb of the female.* The whole, both old and young, then appear in the same songless livery, uttering only a *chink* of alarm when surprised in feeding on the grass seeds, or the crops of grain which still remain abroad. When the voice of the bob-o-link begins to fail, with the progress of the exhausting moult, he flits over the fields in a restless manner, and merely utters a broken *'bob'lee*, *'bob'lee*, or with his songless mate, at length, a *'weet*, *'weet*, *o'leet*, *o'leet*, and a noisy and disagreeable cackling chirp." This writer made it a business of life to observe the habits of birds.

While the plumage of the male is undergoing this change he is shy and retiring, and soon after it is completed both sexes begin to assemble in considerable numbers, and may be seen about the cornfields, or in the pastures and sometimes alighting upon the fences. How long they continue in these habits or at what particular time they leave we are not able to state. But it is certain that no bird is seen during the time they remain, with the gay nuptial dress, either in the flock or separately, and all use the same plaintive note, *chink, chink.* In New England, we believe, they never collect in large numbers, but coming together from a few neighboring fields and meadows, pass the time as mentioned above. But after leaving New England they congregate in large flocks and travel together, visiting the margins of the rivers and feeding on the wild oats and other seeds. The shores of the Delaware, Potomac and other rivers south are thronged with them, where the gunners annually kill thousands. Those who

escape pass down south and are known as rice birds, feeding upon the rice fields of that region. They are all, however, of one plumage.

They become so fat and plump as scarcely to be able to fly; they are then tender, sweet and more delicious than any other bird we ever tasted, better even than the far-famed ortolan.

For the New England Farmer.

A GOOD CROP OF RYE.

On the town farm in Danvers, under the care of Mr. Adino Page, master of the house, has been raised the present season four acres of winter rye, which yielded 168 bushels, weighing on an average 58 pounds to the bushel, of as plump and fair quality as any other grain of the kind I have seen. I speak of this crop, because I think it a very good one; and because it was raised in the ordinary course of cultivation, without any extra effort or expense. Having seen the field several times, I state such facts relating to it as have come within my own observation.

On a part of this land, rye was raised the year previous. The soil is gravelly and light,—bordering on a peat-meadow. The rock in this vicinity is sienite. It has been the practice, on this farm, for several years, to plow with a team of four oxen, as deep as practicable; and to dress liberally with manure from the hog-yard. No labor is spared in applying the manure, or in pulverizing the soil. The *cut and cover system* is not here introduced—certainly not since Mr. Page has had charge of the labor; for he has muscle himself, and he expects others to apply theirs. These facts are stated as explanatory of the crop grown. I know that others have claimed to have grown more than 40 bushels of rye to an acre, with extraordinary advantages of commanding sea-manure; but I have not seen four acres together superior to that grown by Mr. Page. Mr. Page now has a crop of corn standing in front of the almshouse, near the railroad—which will compare well with any other crop that I have seen the present season. I speak of these crops that the attention of the curious may be turned towards them, because there is so much *humbugging* in the accounts given of some of the extraordinary crops reported, that it is not easy to know, what is worthy to be credited.

I mention them also to show, that very good crops can be grown, where the land itself is very poor—by proper care in cultivation. Perhaps there is no farm in Danvers, that was more completely run out, than was this town farm 25 years ago. There is no farm now, which yields better crops of grain, than does this Poor Farm. P.

Danvers, Aug. 26, 1852.

For the New England Farmer.

THE PEACH TREE.

Mr. Brown:—In reading communications from several individuals in relation to the failure in the peach crop this season, and the cause of the trees having so sickly an appearance the first part of the season, I am of the opinion that it was not altogether the severity of the cold that affected them most, but the load of fruit which the trees were permitted to sustain (if they did not break down) which has injured them most. I tied up many of mine with ropes; others, I picked off half the amount of fruit when partly grown, and wherever this was done my trees look healthy and are well filled with fruit at the present time. I am of the opinion that the first freezing weather we had last fall injured the peach buds more before the leaves fell from the trees than the cold winter. I have cultivated the peach more than thirty years, and my seedlings have been sturdy and constant bearers, while my inoculated fruit has failed one year during all that time. I would recommend for all to obtain the lemon melocoton seedling; it is of good size, a constant bearer, they ripen gradually, and last longer than any other variety.

Grafton, Aug. 26, 1852. J. H. Hammond.

MASS. STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

A special meeting of the Board was called on the 7th of September, to fill the office of Secretary, made vacant by the non-acceptance of that post by Dr. Hitchcock. The Board met at the State House, and in the absence of His Excellency the Governor, was called to order by the Secretary.—His Honor, H. W. Cushman, the Lieut. Governor, was then elected President for the day. The proceedings of the last meeting were read.

Present,—Of the *ex-officio* members, Henry W. Cushman and Amasa Walker.

Of the members appointed by the Governor and Council, Edward Hitchcock and Marshall P. Wilder.

From the State Society, John C. Gray.

From Berkshire County.....Stephen Reed.
" Essex County.....John W. Proctor.
" Franklin County.....James S. Grennell.
" Hampden County.....Francis Brewer.
" Hampshire County.....John A. Nash.
" Hampden, Franklin & Hampshire..Joseph Smith.
" Middlesex County.....Simon Brown.
" Housatonic County.....Joshua B. Lawton.
" Norfolk County.....B. V. French.
" Plymouth County.....Seth Sprague.
" Worcester West.....William Parkhurst.

The following letter from Dr. Hitchcock was read, declining to act as Secretary of the Board:

Boston, Aug. 21, 1852.

Dear Sir:—To the unlooked for announcement in your letter, that the Board of Agriculture of this State had unanimously chosen me as their Secretary, I have given all the attention which so distinguished an honor, coming from a body so respected, demands; although I have been severely pressed with labors since the receipt of your letter.

Waiving all other considerations, there is one that seems to decide the question presented for my consideration. I cannot persuade myself that duty will allow me at present to quit the post which I now occupy. This demands all the time and strength which I can command, and even more, and the same would be the case with the office of Secretary, as I view its duties. I have no alternative, therefore, but to decline the proffered honor.

I beg you to convey to the Board my deep sense of obligation for their generous offer, and my strong desire that their minds be directed to the choice of one, younger, more vigorous and competent than myself, for this important post.

With the highest respect, I subscribe myself, sincerely yours, EDWARD HITCHCOCK.

This letter was accepted, and ordered to be entered on the records of the Board.

It was moved by Mr. PROCTOR, that the choice of a Secretary of the Board be postponed until the meeting of the Board in December next. Upon this motion an interesting discussion took place. Mr. PROCTOR said he had heard half a dozen gentlemen mentioned as suitable persons for the office of Secretary; some of them well known writers, and others as distinguished for their thorough practical operations. He thought he should be a man of pleasing address, that could familiarly approach the farmer, and of easy access himself. Others engaged in the discussion, and the motion was adopted.

Mr. FRENCH moved that a committee of five be raised to report in reference to the nomination of a Secretary, which motion prevailed, and H. W. CUSHMAN, M. P. WILDER, J. A. NASH, B. V. FRENCH and J. W. PROCTOR were appointed.

The Secretary read a note from JOHN C. GRAY, accompanied by a parcel of wheat sent to him by SAMUEL A. ELIOT. This wheat is from Xeres, in Spain, and bears a high character. It is a large, handsome, hard kernel, and was offered the members of the Board for experiment in various parts of the State.

Mr. PROCTOR moved that such gentlemen as did not have a subject assigned them at the last meeting, designate now what topic they will report upon at the meeting in December;—and the following elections were made:

Rearing and management of Swine,—JAMES S. GRENNELL.

The cultivation of Indian Corn,—JOSHUA R. LAWTON.

Stover and green food for Cattle,—JOSEPH SMITH.

What is the proper season for cutting wood and timber?—GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

Cultivation of Forest Trees,—CHARLES B. H. FESSENDEN.

[This last assignment was made at the meeting in August, but was inadvertently omitted.]

While the above assignment was going on, Dr. HITCHCOCK suggested that much might be accomplished by some definite action in regard to collecting seeds, plants, implements, minerals, woods, and everything relating to the occupation of the farmer, and placing them in a proper depository: that much might be done in our common schools to lead the young mind into an investigation of the important facts ever about us on the farm:—and that the Secretary might give lectures in the different towns, or the Board send men out to do so.

Dr. REED said, he believed that if the State should incur the expense of placing a handsome suit of seeds of all description, in glass jars, labeled, in every school district in the State, and could thereby exclude *three* pernicious plants, he thought it would be a cheap purchase, and that the Board might be exceedingly useful in this particular point.

Mr. BROWN said, he believed the principal cause of the low estimation in which farming, as an occupation, had been held, was a *want of intelligence* in that occupation. It has been too long looked upon as a labor demanding nothing but bone and sinew; a drudgery with the clods, and a contest with insects and the elements. It had lost its intellectual enticements, and *a work for a living* idea had become so common, that to be housed, fed and clothed from the farm, however indifferently, seemed to be by great numbers, as doing pretty well. The true enjoyments and improvements of life were secondary matters, if ever thought of at all. A dollar a day, or its value in meat and bread, is a hard condition of life. He believed if proper measures were pursued in the towns, in the schools, and particularly in the lyceums, new views might be disseminated which would lead to higher studies, practices and investigations, scattering this freezing indifference, and implanting better aims and desires, which would soon place a new aspect upon the face of the land, and a new joy in the hearts of the people. He cited several instances where the initiatory steps might be taken, and progress attained. He thought the sons and daughters of many farmers were not treated with proper consideration; too much time and labor were required of them, and they were too often debarred those privileges and wholesome recreations which are indispensable to the young, and which the young in other classes enjoy. They are necessary for a healthy moral and physical condition, and being denied, discontent and disgust with their occupation take the place of a wholesome ambition in its pursuit.

Mr. FRENCH moved that a committee be raised to confer with a committee appointed by the Legislature, in relation to a suitable room for the meetings of the Board, and Messrs. FRENCH, BROWN and GRENNELL were appointed said committee.

Interesting remarks were made by Messrs. NASH, PROCTOR, PARKHURST, SMITH, LAWTON, SPRAGUE and GRENNELL, but of which we were not able to get reliable notes, while engaged in the business of the session.

On motion of Mr. PROCTOR, a committee consisting of Messrs. PROCTOR, HITCHCOCK and REED, was appointed to take into consideration the subject of agriculture in common schools, and report at the next meeting.

It was then voted, upon motion of Dr. HITCHCOCK, that Mr. WALKER, Secretary of the Commonwealth, be requested to report at the meeting of the Board, next December, upon the best means of promoting the interests of Agriculture in the State, by public lectures.

And the meeting adjourned.

☞ We have no apology for reporting pretty fully the business of these local meetings; as the interests which they are intended to promote are world-wide, and are as important to our readers every where else, as in the State of Massachusetts.

For the New England Farmer.

SPENT TAN FOR STRAWBERRIES.

Mr. Editor:—Within a year or two, as you are well aware, much has been said of the beneficial effects of tan upon strawberries, both as a fertilizer and a mulcher; and not upon strawberries only, but plum trees, grape vines, gooseberry bushes, &c. I do not mean now to cite the testimony of others in favor of spent tan, as I might do, and perhaps with profit; but I propose to give you a few items of my own experience,—what I have *seen* and *know* of the good effects of spent tan for strawberries; for I have applied it to nothing else, though I mean another year to experiment extensively with it.

During the latter part of November, 1851, I served my strawberry bed,—which is a small one, being only about twelve rods long by ten feet in width,—in the following manner; the first eight or ten feet I covered with tan, without any manure, about an inch and a half deep; the next eight or ten feet I covered over to a greater depth with well-rotted horse manure and mud, about one-third mud. In this way I went over about two-thirds of my bed, applying the tan and manure alternately; the other third I covered exclusively with tan. Nothing more was done with the bed until the strawberries were ripe, except to pull out a very little sorrel that made its appearance, as it always will on a strawberry bed.

Before giving the result of this experiment, it seems necessary to speak of the soil, location and season; the soil is a hard, dry, gravelly loam, not deep at one end of the bed, but deeper at the other; the subsoil is gravelly, yellow loam; the substratum, blue gravel; located on the side of a hill sloping to the southeast; the season has been one of the best to test the tan as a mulcher, as it has been very dry. Now for the result. Firstly, it protected the plants in winter, and prevented them from being thrown out. Secondly, in regard to the time of ripening, I noticed a difference in favor of the tan of three or four days, though this I acknowledge is of no great importance. Thirdly, there were *more* and *larger* berries where the tan was applied. Fourthly, the berries were not covered with dirt, as they often are where no mulcher is used. And lastly, though not least, there were but *very few* weeds among the tan. The reason why there were more and larger berries on the tan, was because it was "moister" under the tan than under the manure; in fact, so great was the difference in this respect, that in the middle of a hot day—and I believe we had *some* hot ones in the strawberry season—it could be distinctly seen where the tan left off and the manure begun, ten rods distant. To this very obvious difference I called the attention of a neighbor of mine, who is a strawberry grower, and I think he was fully satisfied that tan, as a mulcher at *least*, was valuable on dry lands.

It must not be inferred, from what I have said, that wherever tan is used there will be so perceptible a difference in its favor; still I think it can be used advantageously, whatever the soil may be. All strawberries do better if protected in winter; this is just the article to protect them. Where tan is used, I think the plants will not be thrown out, as they often are without it; then it supplies them with tannic acid, which we are informed is one of its component parts; and furthermore, it keeps the fruit from the ground, which is quite an advantage, for where the vines are thin the crop is often unfit for use, the rains covering them with dirt.

Allow me to say, in conclusion, that this winter I shall pursue a somewhat different course in the application of my manure and tan to strawberries; I shall first cover the bed with well-decomposed horse manure, then put on from two to three inches of tan; this, I think, is the best thing that can be done to a strawberry bed. Good friends, give it a trial. J. F. C. H.

Newton Centre, Aug. 6, 1852.

For the New England Farmer.

COAL ASHES—BLACKBERRIES.

Mr. Editor:—In your weekly paper of 12th June, I notice an inquiry from a correspondent, "whether coal ashes can be used with any benefit in agriculture?" And as I have not seen a reply to this question in any subsequent number of the *Farmer*, I will venture to give my own experience in the matter, small though it may be.

About the year 1840, while publishing the *Farmer's Gazette* at New Haven, I found a heap of anthracite ashes in my garden in the spring—the accumulated siftings from two stoves during the previous winter. Having seen the suggestion in some agricultural paper, that these ashes were of some value as a fertilizing agent, it occurred to me that I might try the experiment without cost. Accordingly, when about to commence the operation of gardening, I spread the ashes over the surface of the garden, as evenly as possible. There were some two or three cart loads of them, and they had lain in a snug heap near the centre of a small garden of not more than four or five rods square. Across the spot where the heap had lain, I had a bed of common blood beets and a few rows of string beans. The general effect of the ashes on all parts of the garden was evidently good; but on the particular spot which had been occupied by the ash heap, the result was really surprising. The growth of beets and beans, in that part of the beds, was nearly double that of the same vegetables beyond the limits of the heap. So marked was the difference, that it was prominently perceptible to the eye as far as the garden could be seen. The soil at New Haven, as you are probably aware, is a light sand.

I have no doubt that coal ashes are worth something as a fertilizer; and that on farms within two or three miles of any of our New England cities, they will pay for carting. Generally, I suppose householders in cities will be glad to give them to any person who will take them away. I think of trying their virtues on a portion of my *mowing*, by spreading them either this fall or early next spring; and if they have any material effect, you may possibly hear from me again.

And now, Mr. Editor, in my turn I would like to ask a question. Can you, or some of your cor-

respondents, inform me when is the proper time to transplant the common field blackberry,—and whether there is anything peculiar in the treatment of the shrub to insure success?

Yours with respect, WILLIAM STORER.

West Hartford, Ct., Aug. 18, 1852.

REMARKS.—We are glad to find such testimony in favor of coal ashes; it has been rather a drug and pest. It is hoped this will induce all to gather it up and make further trial. There is no difficulty in transplanting the high blackberry, so that it shall live and fruit abundantly; but to bring that fruit to perfection is a secret not yet divulged to us. When half grown it seems to rest there for awhile, and then die. It is sufficiently hardy to stand the winter. We have always transplanted in the spring. Shall be happy to hear from our friends who have had experience with the plant. Please write again.

MAN'S FOOD.

What do you really live upon? The answer will be various enough. The Guacho, who in the wild pampas of Buenos Ayres, managing his half-wild horse with incredible dexterity, throws a lasso, or bolas, to catch the ostrich, the guanaco, or the wild bull, consumes daily ten or twelve pounds of meat, and regards it as a high feast day when in any hacienda, he gains a variety in the shape of a morsel of pumpkin. The word bread does not exist in his vocabulary. The Irishman, on the other hand, regales himself in careless mirth on his "potatoes and point," after a day of painful labor, he who cannot help making a joke even of the name he gives to his scanty meal. Meat is a strange idea to him, and he is happy indeed if, four times a year, he can add a herring to season the mealy tubers. The hunter of the prairies lays the buffalo with sure bullet; and its juicy, fat-streaked hump, roasted between two hot stones, is to him the greatest of delicacies. Meanwhile, the industrious Chinese carries to market his carefully fattened rats, delicately arranged upon white sticks, certain to find a good customer among the epicures of Pekin; and in his hot smoky hut, fast buried beneath the snow and ice, the Greenlander consumes his fat, which he has just carved, rejoicing over the costly prize, from a stranded whale. Here the black slave sucks the sugar-cane, and eats his banana; there the African merchant fills his wallet with sweet dates, his sole sustenance in the long desert journey; and there the Siamese crams himself with a quantity of rice from which a European would shrink appalled. And wheresoever over the whole inhabited earth we approach and demand hospitality, in almost every little spot a different kind of food is set before us, and the "daily bread" offered in another form.

THE STING OF A BEE.—In most cases the person stung can instantaneously obtain relief by pressing on the part stung with the tube of a key. This will extract the pain and the application of *aqua amonia* (common spirits of hartshorn) will immediately remove it. The poison being of an acid nature, is at once neutralized by the application of this penetrating and volatile alkali. A small quantity introduced into the wound on the point of a needle, or fine nibbed pen, and applied as soon as possible, will scarcely ever fail.

For the New England Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.

In looking over the June number of the *Farmer*, I was surprised to see an article by "W. A.," opposing the establishment of an Agricultural College. His objections may be classed under two heads. 1st, That there is no necessity of such an institution. 2d, That it would not be properly conducted. He says, "the means for obtaining all necessary knowledge on agriculture already exist, and are afforded in books, periodicals and agricultural exhibitions."

Agriculture is both a science and an art; can both of these be thoroughly learned from books and agricultural fairs? He admits the art can only be learned by practice; then the art cannot be learned by the means which he named as being sufficient for all "increased and necessary knowledge on agriculture!" Can the art be taught effeciently without combining it with a knowledge of the science? Certainly not. And is the science of agriculture so simple, that unlike all others, it requires no teachers to explain and enforce its principles? On the contrary, so profound a science is agriculture, that it has required the wisdom and experience of ages to bring it to its present imperfect state of advancement. Ages more will be required to reveal all the philosophy necessary for its perfection. No profession requires so much study and preparation as that of agriculture; yet many act as if it could be learned by intuition. A knowledge of more sciences is comprised in a thorough agricultural education than in any other; yet many of those, the most intimately connected with it, are imperfectly taught, if at all, in our best colleges. Agriculture is the leading pursuit of our country, and its unbounded importance to all classes, is denied by none; yet even in the Old Bay State, where farmers have paid liberally for the support of other colleges, we are told it would not be economy to endow an agricultural institution! Heretofore it has been the boast and glory of New England, that the State governments have been so efficient in sustaining schools for the education of her youth. The intelligence of New England is proverbial, and every census attests her rapid increase in wealth and importance. To continue this progression, improved systems of education must be fostered, and superior institutions of learning liberally encouraged. Agriculture is susceptible of more rapid progression than any other pursuit, yet its advancement does not keep pace with others of less interest. Private individuals do not often possess the means or disposition to make experiments in agriculture on an extensive and reliable scale. If a State Institution were established, liberally endowed, provided with competent professors and tutors, and a farm of sufficient extent connected with it, an opportunity would be afforded, not only of obtaining liberal education, but of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the physical sciences, nearly all of which have a direct bearing on practical farming. Dr. Lee, in speaking of the necessity of such an institution, makes the following remarks:—"The peo-

ple of the United States have over three hundred millions of dollars invested in domestic animals, and if a young farmer engaged in stock growing wishes to study the digestive organs, the muscles, nerves or blood-vessels of the horse, cow, sheep or hog, he must cross the Atlantic for the purpose, or remain in ignorance."

But "W. A." thinks a practical agriculturist, who understood mechanism and the use of implements, would not be elected president of an agricultural college. Why, he does not inform us. I suppose because there are few with the proper qualifications. Is this an argument against the establishment of such an institution? If there are few or none capable of directing or teaching, it shows our ignorance of those subjects which he acknowledges to be necessary to a good agriculturist. This proves the necessity of such an institution. When medical schools were first founded in this country, nearly all our teachers of anatomy, physiology, surgery, theory and practice of physic, &c., were educated abroad! Had his logic been enforced, we would still be destitute of medical schools. He farther says, that it would exclusively benefit the rich. Why would an agricultural college exclusively advantage those in affluent circumstances? If his arguments are correct the probabilities are against it. He says the rich have an aversion to labor; if so, would they be likely to attend an institution where labor constituted an essential part of their training; and would not such young men be more likely to love labor, and be better able to endure it, when trained to it, than they now do?

But allow that nine-tenths of the farmers of Massachusetts are opposed to it, and that the one-tenth who would avail themselves of its advantages are rich, both of which I deny, is this a reason for not establishing it? If none but youth with affluent expectations should attend such a college, the probabilities are, many of them would feel a pride, and take delight in their profession; possessed with ample means, they would more fully carry out their scientific instructions, and perform experiments on a more extended plan than they otherwise could. Each graduate would become a missionary in his profession, in his respective locality; and the knowledge, for which he had lavished time and money, would be a light set upon a hill and could not be hid. Besides this, the institution itself being a practical one, would be constantly performing experiments, and making valuable discoveries, which would be carried to the most remote parts of our country by agricultural journals, which once encountered as great opposition as agricultural schools now do. Chemistry is comparatively a modern science, yet the light it has shed on agriculture is as startling and encouraging as it is new and useful. Will "W. A." contend that chemistry can be taught by books and fairs? Surely not; we must have teachers to explain its principles, manner of using apparatus, &c. Would the mass ever understand mathematics, botany or geology, by reading books? Facts prove the negative. The few that do are an exception to the general rule. *To obtain an education without schools, is as possible as to obtain an agricultural education without agricultural schools.* The practicability of agricultural schools is not a new chimera; first class agricultural schools are now, and have been for years, in successful operation in all the principal countries in Europe. In this country a wider field is open to agricultural pursuits than in any other; yet to our shame not one National or State Institution can be found. It is a craven policy to refuse the means for an education which would return a hundred fold to the wealth of the nation. In our best grain-raising States, isolated facts prove that the average amount of grain per acre might be doubled, if farmers were sufficiently informed on the subject of manuring.

It is my lot at the present time to be a tutor at an agricultural Institute, which has been in successful operation for the last eight years. It was founded in the State of New York, by the present principal—J. Wilkinson, and removed to this place in 1847. It now numbers 25 students. Having passed my youth principally in agricultural pursuits, since which time I have had frequent intercourse with farmers in the most intelligent districts of Pennsylvania and several other States, I am somewhat prepared to judge of the relative advantages of farmers' sons generally, and the pupils of this Institute, and I am satisfied, the advantages offered to the latter are ten fold greater than the former. In conclusion allow me to remark, that I am a native and citizen of Pennsylvania, and can therefore have no other motive in writing this article, than to promote the truth, and elevate so noble an occupation as that of agriculture.

LEWIS H. GAUSE.

Mount Airy Agricultural Institute, Germantown, Pa., July 29, 1852.

THE EYELID OF THE TREE-TOAD.

The peculiarity of the glass-like transparency of the lower eyelid of the tree-toad (which, in those animals, is the larger, and performs the office of closing the eye) is well worthy of notice. I have elsewhere remarked a structure exactly similar in the wood slave, (*Mabouya agilis,*) a pretty little Scincoid lizard that plays about walls in Jamaica. In both cases we may consider it a beautiful and effective provision for the protection of the eye during the rapid movements of the animals, where sight would be indispensable. The tree-toad dwells habitually among the heathering leaves of the wild pines, always stiff and leathery, and often armed with sharp serrated spines at every edge. Among these it moves to and fro by violent headlong leaps, in which it needs to be guided by the sharpest sight. How interesting, then, is it to see that its gracious Creator has furnished it with a glassy window, which it may in a moment draw before its eye, for shelter from danger, without in the least hindering the clearness of its vision! This structure has not, I believe, been noticed by any naturalist; and, indeed, it is scarcely perceptible when the delicate membrane has become opake by immersion in spirits. "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord!"—*Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica.*

AIR PLANTS.—S. S. Osgood, who has recently crossed the Isthmus at Nicaragua, says:—"On every tree I noticed hundreds of air plants, a paracite which attaches itself to any part of the trunk, dead or alive, it matters not which. I have now three hanging up in my state room, (June 17th) which I gathered at Costello's Rapids on the 7th. Until we came on board the steamer, a week since to-morrow, they were tumbled about in my basket with fruit and other things, and yet they

are still living, but not so fresh as I presume they would have been if they had been out in the open air and felt the influence of the rain and dews. They are shaped like the top leaves of the pine-apple, and from the centre springs a beautiful orange flower, the upper side of which is a bright yellow."

HINTS FOR THE AGRICULTURIST.

Cold water, administered externally, or in the form of a bath, is a certain cure for prussic acid. Cows and other domestic animals are often lost from the poisonous effects of cherry leaves—particularly the leaves of the black and red cherry which are found growing in a state of nature in fields and pastures, and which contain prussic acid in sufficient quantity to render them fatal when eaten by ruminating animals, either in a green or wilted state. When an animal has been poisoned in this way, it should be plunged into cold water, or have it dashed over its body in bucketsfull from the pump or well.

Sheep.—These animals should be protected from cold and wet, though they have access to the ground. At all seasons protection of the most efficient kind should be afforded them, as no animal is more injured by the wet, and especially by long storms. Sheds should be erected in pastures, to which they can retire whenever the weather is cold or stormy, and supplied with troughs, containing salt and ashes—one part of the former to three of the latter. When not protected, sheep often take cold, even in summer, which produces coughs and other affections which too often have a fatal result.

Hog Manure.—There are probably few articles of a fertilizing character which possess greater intrinsic excellence than hog manure. On this point, indeed, there appears to be no discrepancy of opinion whatever, among practical men. By furnishing materials, large quantities could be made annually, and at comparatively little cost. On this subject a judicious farmer observes:—"It appears to us, then, an object of considerable consequence to farmers, that he should avail himself of this resource for fertilizing his soil as far as possible, and that methods should be adopted by him to preserve, and increase the amount at his command, as far as may be, and not allow the avails of his pig-pen to be lost to the farm, as is frequently done. Where pigs are allowed a small yard to run in from the pen, they may be made to produce a large quantity of good manure, by frequent additions to the material in the yard of straw, weeds, turfs, muck, or even good common earth, to absorb the fluid part of the manure, and prevent its salts from escaping." Yet there are many farms on which little of this invaluable article is produced, compared with what might be furnished by the number of animals kept.

Working Cows.—The cow is seldom subjected to the surveillance of the yoke in this country.—Why, more than the mare, she should be considered entitled to this exemption, is a question not easy to be solved. In many cases where cows have been moderately worked, they have not been at all injured thereby, and have produced nearly if not quite as much milk as when suffered to employ their leisure on the best of feed. Mr. Colman, in his European Tour, mentions an instance where a man in Sussex, England, who cultivated a small farm of four acres and kept two cows, worked one of the cows in a cart, by which he made a saving of twenty-four dollars a year. Notwithstanding the cow was worked, she made *eight pounds* of butter per week, besides furnishing some milk for the family. In Massachusetts a man has performed all his farm work with four cows; hauling wood, stone for walls, &c., as with oxen. The cows were two years old when first yoked, and were "broke in" in three days, so as to be perfectly manageable and kind at all times.

EDITORIAL DELINQUENCIES.

Who is "Exchange?" We see many of our articles copied into other papers credited to "Ex." and "Exchange," and sometimes to "Exchange paper." Now this occurs so often that we are led to think those who "*hook*" these articles know full well what paper they originate in—nay, that they are often direct from the *Farmer*. Is this doing the honest thing, brethren? When you *thunder* with our *thunder*, have the goodness to label it correctly.—*Maine Farmer*.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."—*Shakspeare*.

Hit them again, Brother Holmes, "they have no friends," and never will have until they observe the conventional courtesies of the press.

When an editor publishes the results of laborious thought or experiment, it is for the purpose of instructing his readers, and, also, by having his articles copied into other papers, to receive an increase of subscribers. He gives his brethren of the press the use of his brains, in exchange for the advantages arising from their advertisement of his articles: but when the conventional credit is not given, he is robbed, and in a most flagrant manner. Have no mercy on these pirates, brother Holmes, we will willingly join you in the warfare, and chastise the lazy loons, who steal from others, rather than write themselves.—*Working Farmer*.

We have in our mind a paper, which copies good articles and credits them "Ex.," but when they wish to correct an error and show how smart they are they always give credit. When we see "Ex." in a paper we feel like adding "stolen from a source which we do not like to credit." Some editors make up first-rate papers by putting in them "original" matter "hooked" from other papers.—*American Artisan*.

☞ If men will not observe the proprieties of life among their *own craft*, they certainly ought not to be trusted any where else. There is a practice

more to be condemned than open piracy upon one's columns; and that is of extracting paragraphs here and there throughout a column and mixing them up with crude and ill-digested opinions, and palming off the whole as original. If you have little inclination for the business, and less experience, go to some other employment, and not disgrace yourselves and the calling by leading others into false practices and opinions.

For the New England Farmer.

THE TOWN OF WILMINGTON---LOCAL ADVANTAGES FOR BUSINESS.

Messrs. Editors:—Since the turnpike road from Concord, N. H., to Boston, was constructed, and other alterations made in the thoroughfares to lessen the travel through Wilmington, very little business has been carried on here besides farming, shoe manufacturing, and the business at the baking establishments of the Messrs. Bonds. It has been a prevalent idea abroad, that the land was poorer here than in many of the adjacent towns. I admit the soil is stronger, and *much harder to operate upon*, than here, in many of the regions round about. We are not so subject to contusions and goadings of plow handles here as I have experienced on *strong* soil in guiding that instrument which turns the surface of the earth "upside down." When the advantages which facilitate the farming operations on our level land, free of stones, with a warm pliable soil, not retentive of of water, nor inclined to bake, which bears drought much better than land with a large proportion of clay, are taken into consideration, the strong, stony, hilly, retentive, and of course cold land, that will require all the muscular powers and firmness of bones in possession of the farmer to be expended in his farming operations, with all the manure he can make or conveniently purchase, the warm, free, level soil, on trial, will be found to have been underrated through prejudice or ignorance of its nature and quality. I believe it is a fact, that the warm soils, throughout the country, which are most cultivated, which have produced without manure, have lost their character by their too readily yielding crops to the cupidity of the avaricious occupant, who is not satisfied with fleecing merely, but further gratifies his covetous desires by skinning also. There is as much wisdom and good calculation displayed in such farming as there was in the fabulous story of the man who dissected the fowl that laid the golden eggs in his eagerness to get rich. This kind of warm "free soil" will well compare with the free horse which is driven to death because he is free. Only treat this kind of land as we are necessitated to treat the compact, strong cold land, with the same quantity of manure and half the labor, and I believe the farmer would realize as profitable returns as he would from his strong stony soils.

Our lands here, judiciously cultivated, would produce a great variety of market vegetables. Asparagus, and every variety of the vine and root crops, adapted to the climate, may be raised here to perfection; as far as my experience has gone, I have seen no better land for onions. Cranberries might be raised to great advantage on an improved plan of cultivation; here is much soil well adapted to their growth. I know of no better land to produce wood, nor no better market for the sale of it, than in Wilmington; our poorest lands seem to delight in displaying their wonderful propensities in producing a speedy crop of it for the use of families or locomotives, and I think it a crop attended with the least expense in raising, and will afford the largest profit to the farmer of any individual article produced on a large farm. Another consideration in favor of easy, pliable soil, is the comparative ease of performing the labor. I have observed, and heard others make the remark, that those who worked on light land free of stones, retained their sprightliness and activity longer than those who worked on hard, heavy, strong land.

Another important advantage to business men, is that of railroads. We have three distinct railroads passing through the town, and four well located depots. One railroad from Lowell to Boston, one from Maine to Boston, and one from Lowell to Salem, affording advantages and facilities for business and travelling, possessed by few other towns. A considerable number of residents here have season tickets, and daily do business in the cities. The land is selling at high prices below us on the Maine railroad, which would be a pecuniary inducement to those who wish to purchase land cheap to look a little further up.

Wilmington is 15 miles from Boston and about the same from Salem, nine miles from Lowell and about the same from Lawrence, surrounded with cities and villages, and a very healthy town well supplied with soft water. Mechanical business of all kinds might be carried on here by steam or water power; the convenience of conveying all kinds of produce and manufactured articles to and from the cities and the country is very great. Favorable locations for tanneries nigh the railroad depots, might be purchased at reasonable prices, and pleasant locations for dwelling-houses and mechanics' buildings may be bought as low as in any other town in the vicinity.

The larger number of young men here, think they can do better at manufacturing than farming. The want of capital is a serious obstacle, in the way of most young men, which induces them to go into other business in preference to farming. The farmer is under the necessity, about here, of possessing a few thousands of capital to be able to work the farm to advantage. After all, the farmer's life and occupation is most condusive to a peaceful mind and a conscience void of offence; he has the least reason to be discontented, and the greatest reason for gratitude of any man living; he can live with less hours of daily toil than the mechanic, he is not harrassed with vexations of fault-finding customers to make him unhappy, but he places his dependence upon an all-wise Providence, who judges righteously and rewards every man according to the deeds done in the body, as I hold firmly. With much respect,

Wilmington, July, 1852. Silas Brown.

Agricultural Fair.—The Addison County Agricultural Fair will be holden at Middlebury, Vt., on Wednesday, Oct. 6th, 1852. The officers are, Harvey Munsill, President; Joseph H. Bartoll, Secretary; Harry Goodrich, Treasurer.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

The English language is said to be the most copious in the world. For speaking prose or writing poetry—for making love, or making fun—for orations, stories, jokes or epitaphs, no other language, so say the knowing, can equal ours. One would suppose, that an American who has a definite idea, and desires to impart it, might find abundant scope for the most expansive expressions in the vernacular; and as to *concealing* thoughts, which the crafty old Frenchman said was the true use of words, what can furnish better material than the ambiguities and half synonymes, half contradictions of a language like ours; a cross bebetween Latin and Saxon, with a touch of Greek, chopped up with thousands of Yankeeisms!

Farmers usually, in New England, think in English, as they talk, and we opine they understand English much better than French.

The Fruit Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society probably think otherwise, or they would not christen new fruits sent them for names, in that language.

We notice among the names recently conferred on an honest, Yankee apple, of no special pretension, by that Committee, that of "Api Gros d' Ete," which doubtless, to the Frenchman, conveys a very euphonious indication of some peculiar qualities of the fruit, but which to us, who deal mainly in the pure Saxon, only makes "confusion worse confounded." Translating the name according to the smattering of the language we have, it would seem to mean, *a small delicate large summer apple* —and supposing it to mean anything more consistent, how many of our fruit raisers will ever pronounce it! And then, where's the propriety in confusing French and American fruit in this way! Let the French pears keep their French names if you please, but let us know American varieties of all fruits by American names.

Greek is a very convenient language for the doctor, and Latin for the lawyer, but to the New England fruit cultivator, we ask, with Burns—

> "What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
> Your *Latin names for horns an' stools?*"

One language answers our plain purposes well enough.

For the New England Farmer.

WILD CHERRY POISON TO COWS.

Editors N. E. Farmer:—A farmer in Plymouth County, who keeps a considerable number of cows, informs us of an occurrence which happened to them, in the summer of 1850. The dairy woman complained of the milk. The cream would not make butter as readily as usual. The process of churning became very laborious; and, in four or five days, two men could not bring the cream into butter in less than an hour and a half, steady work. The owners thought that the evil must lie in the churn, or in the pails, or in the temperature; but, on examination, nothing was found amiss in all these respects. He then concluded that the cows must have eaten some injurious food; and, to ascertain how that might be, he followed them to the pasture. On the opposite side of the wall which enclosed the pasture, was a thick belt, or grove, of miscellaneous trees, bushes and shrubs, with their branches hanging over the wall. He observed that, as soon as the cows were let into pasture, they went to the wall, and greedily devoured the leaves and spray of the wild cherry tree, to the full extent to which they could reach them. He was no longer at any loss to account for the difficulty with the milk, for he had known three cows killed in one day, by eating the wilted leaves and small branches of a wild cherry tree, which the wind had blown down in the pasture. Of course, the cows were immediately removed to another field; and in two or three days, their milk resumed its proper quality. The juices of this tree are supposed to contain prussic acid.

Aug. 28, 1852.

STONES ON CULTIVATED LAND.

It is an error to suppose that stones should be entirely removed from land which is under cultivation. The stones which would be in the way of the scythe while mowing, of course should be removed, but all the smaller ones should remain; and if wholly or partially inbedded in the soil, they preserve the moisture during a drought, and thus serve materially to increase the crop. The following article from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in 1773, is to the point:

"It has been long known to experienced farmers, that taking away very small stones and flints, is detrimental to plowing lands in general; but more particularly so to thin light lands, and all lands of a binding nature. It was, however, never imagined that the damage could be so great as it is now found to be, since unusual quantities of flints and other stones have been gathered for the use of turnpike and other roads. In the parish of Serenage, in Hertfordshire, there is a field known by the name of Chalkdell field, containing about two hundred acres; the land in this field was formerly equal, if not superior, to most lands in that country; but lying convenient for the surveyors of the roads, they have picked it so often, and stripped it of the flint and small stones to such a degree, that it is now inferior to lands that were formerly reckoned not much over half its value, acre for acre.

"Nor is it Chalkdell field alone that has materially suffered in that county by the above-mentioned practice; several thousand acres bordering on the turnpike roads from Wellwyn to Baldock have been so much impoverished, that the loss to the inheritance forever must be computed at a great many thousand pounds. What puts it beyond a doubt that the prodigious impoverishment of the land is owing to no other cause but picking and carrying away the stones, is, that those lands have generally been most impoverished, which have been most often picked; nay, I know a field, part of which was picked, and the other part plowed up before they had time to pick it, where the part that was picked lost seven or eight parts in ten, of two succeeding crops; and though the whole field was manured and managed in all respects alike, yet the impoverishment was visible where the stones had been picked off, and extended

not an inch farther; an incontestible proof of the benefit of the stones."

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

BY T. G. FESSENDEN.

It may be very truly said
That his is a noble vocation
Whose industry leads him to spread
About him a little creation.
He lives independent of all,
Except the Omnipotent donor;
Has always enough at his call—
And more is a plague to its owner.

His labors are mere exercise,
Which save him from pains and physicians;
Then, farmers, you truly may prize
Your own as the best of conditions.
From competence shared with content
Since all true felicity springs,
The life of a farmer is blest
With more real bliss than a king's.

For the New England Farmer.

IS FARMING PROFITABLE?

This question has long been and still is a topic of much interest. Editors of agricultural publications, orators on agricultural occasions, and the "friends of the cause" generally, seem to feel themselves bound to decide it in the affirmative. Amateur farmers have entered the field, and in some cases have resorted to rather questionable "cyphering" to prove it a money-making occupation; and in other cases, have engrafted upon it branches of business nearer allied to the commercial than to the farming profession. Nor, in my opinion, should the fruit and vegetable gardens, near cities, be taken into the account at all, though they are so often cited on one side of the question. From the circumstances of their location, &c., they are clearly exceptions to the general rule; as much so as are the many broad acres that are covered by the waves which float home the ships of the merchant princes, whose traffic enables them to build the delightful villas that skirt our large towns. Not allowing, then, any "Pent up Utica to contract our powers," but extending our observation over the whole broad expanse of our country,—*Is farming profitable*?

As merchants, manufacturers, bankers, speculators, professional men, &c., count "profit," I have no hesitation in answering in the negative. And with reverence, I can say, heartily, *I thank God it is not*. I can imagine no greater curse to our land, than that farming should become *profitable*; as profitable, I mean, as commercial and professional pursuits, generally. If farmers could afford to bring up their families in those habits of idleness and extravagance which merchants and many of other professions are able to do, how long before our whole land would become a Sodom or Gomorrah! Who does not know that a great majority of the business men of all cities are reared in the country; that but for the constant flow of health and energy, of enterprise and vigor, from the country to the city, the latter would soon become bankrupt in character and population! This fact is well understood. The country is the nursery of men. The more sterile the better. The more unprofitable the occupation of the youth, the more rigid the principles of economy and industry that he has been subjected to, the better for the man. As the case now stands, the farmer who would make "the ends of the year meet," is under the absolute necessity of requiring the constant aid of every member of his family. His boys and girls, himself and wife, must work and save. No drone can be tolerated. The old grandmother, and the youngster, find something to do. Every cent is counted, and must be, as well as every moment. Here is no "strike for the ten-hour system." They "work while it is day." And then their economy as to dress, furniture, equipage, &c. Those who, like myself, spent their first score active years upon a farm in the interior of a New England State, and the second like period in villages and cities, will call this no over-drawn statement; nor can they fail to have noticed the contrast between the economy of the families of farmers in the country, and those of other classes and professions who congregate in villages and cities. Were farming as profitable as these various professions, would farmers not also shrink from making "drudges" of their sons and daughters? If they could afford it, would they not take life easier, and fare and dress better? As well as other folks! This certainly is human nature. But every one acquainted with farmers, who are farmers only,—who look to their farms for support,—who have paid for their farms by farming,—knows that they do not;—that they cannot. And the only reason is, that farming is not profitable.

If farming were as profitable as manufacturing, for instance, capitalists would invest in real estate, and by means of overseers and operatives, effect a most undesirable change in the condition and relations of our agricultural population. Who would exchange our present condition for any thing like the "factory system," or like that state of things which existed when agriculture and war were the only professions that became a gentleman, and real estate the only idea of wealth? Though other professions and pursuits are more richly rewarded, in dollars and cents, in honors and emoluments, let us count up our mercies, as well as think of our hard lot. Is it nothing,—may we not exult,—that New England soil will not support a corps of "overseers," though "scientific;" that the haughty baron and his retainers, or that the "good old English gentleman," even, cannot endure our climate! Nothing, that here the poorest boy—the son of a very pauper—may reasonably look forward to the time when he shall own a farm—a house and barn—flocks and herds! Though he may never dream, like the merchant's clerk, of mansions and servants, of founding colleges or endowing asylums, is not his a healthy ambition! While, therefore, we feel compelled to admit that farming has small claims upon one whose sole desire is to become "rich," we have no fears of driving every body into other professions. Engrossed as the American people are by the love of gold, their better affections are still alive. The advantage to a family of the severe discipline of a farm is understood and appreciated. As their business is unprofitable, farmers are compelled to train their families to such habits of economy, industry, and persevering labor, that they thereby qualify them for success in whatever business or profession they enter; while many other occupations being more profitable, render such habits unnecessary; and consequently the families of these people, though better educated, and, perhaps, as young men and

women, make a better appearance,—smarter,—fail in the long pull of life, and come out, at the end of the race, far in the rear; or what is more common, give it up at the very commencement, and leave a clear field to their better trained competitors. S. F.

Winchester, July, 1852.

REMARKS.—We like the fresh and earnest manner in which our correspondent discusses his subject, as well as the original views in which he treats it. But he clearly shows that farming is profitable, in the true sense of the word. It makes true men and women, and affords a sufficient return to enable them to make *other* true men and women.

LIQUID AND SOLID MANURES.

Charles Alexander, a careful and accurate farmer in Scotland, found that while 14 head of cattle would make six loads of solid manure, the liquid saturated seven loads of loam, rendering it of equal value. He had repeated the experiment for ten years, and found the saturated earth fully equal to the best putrescent manure. How many dollars' worth are thus lost annually, by each of the million farmers in this country? And what is the aggregate loss in the whole country taken together?

The above is from the *Bridgeton Chronicle*, and is true to the letter. We know it by experience, and as we have often before asserted, the liquid manure of animals, if properly saved and applied, is worth more than their solid excretia. It should not be permitted, however, to run to cisterns, and there become cold, but should be received while it contains the animal heat, upon some easy decomposible material, which is at the same time capable of receiving and retaining the ammonia liberated during the early decomposition of the urine. Pulverulent swamp muck, and all other organic matter sufficiently carbonaceous in its character, is suited to this purpose.—*Working Farmer*.

So according to Mr. Alexander, as informed by careful experiment continued 10 years, the liquid excretions are worth more than the solid. So good an authority as Prof. J. J. Mapes tells us that this is true, every word of it. And yet in our own country, nearly all this is suffered to run to waste.—*Amherst Express*.

We do not know by any actual experiment that "the liquid excretions are worth more than the solid," but hardly doubt it, and believe that every pains ought to be taken by the farmer to prevent the liquid droppings from his cattle from running to waste or being dissipated into the air.

OLE BULL'S GREAT PURCHASE OF LAND.—The Coudersport (Pa.) *Journal* announces that Ole Bull has purchased *one hundred and twenty thousand* acres of land in that county, which is to be settled by his countrymen immediately—thirty of them have already taken possession. This section of land, which is described as a wilderness, lies in the south-eastern section of the State.

DEEP PLOWING.

The present season has proved to the satisfaction of every observer, that in deep plowing is to be found the principal security against drought. Fields tilled only to the depth of six or seven inches have suffered from the severe dry weather, while side by side with them may be seen crops that have not seemed to feel the drought at all. In passing over several river farms a few days since, we found pieces of corn where the leaf was rolled, and the color was light and verging towards a yellow. On one of these we passed with a step from corn of this description to that at least a foot taller, of a deep lively green, and a broad uncurled leaf. Every thing indicated an entirely different crop. We immediately turned to our companion for an explanation. The seed was the same with the single exception of the use of a subsoil plow on this latter part. The gentleman had never used the subsoil plow before, and tried it upon this piece as an experiment. It was to him perfectly satisfactory, (it certainly was so to the looker on) and he said he should use it on all his farm.

We have no doubt that subsoil or deep trench plowing would be equally beneficial in a season of much rain. Of course when the supply of water is from springs or the under current from higher land, it must be cut off by draining.

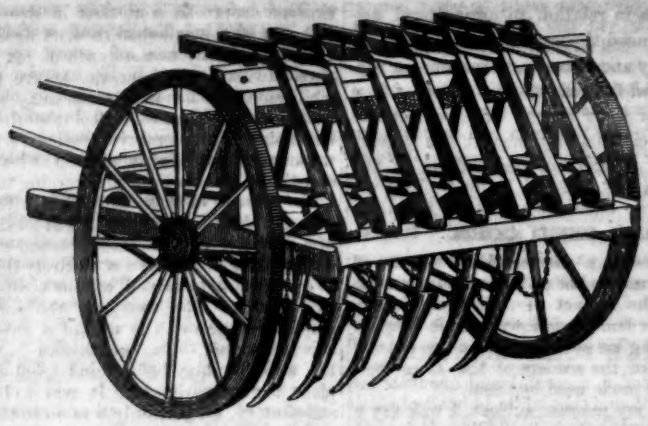
To prevent crops from suffering from the drought, plow deep and stir frequently the surface.—*Granite Farmer*.

THE PROPER TIME FOR PRUNING.

A correspondent makes some inquiries relative to the proper time for pruning apple trees, and remarks that it has been the general practice to prune in the spring. Very small limbs may be safely cut off at any season whenever it is convenient; and when the trees have the proper care and attention, it will seldom be necessary to remove any large limbs. But there are many trees which have been badly neglected, and large decaying and profitless limbs should now be removed from them; and where this is necessary, fall is a more suitable time than the spring, for the reason that the wounds made in autumn will remain dry and sound for years, and until the bark closes over them, while wounds made in the spring turn black and decay, leaving holes which frequently ruin the tree. Mr. Cole, the author of the American Fruit Book, prefers October, November, or even December, to the spring, which, he says, is the worst season.

"Just thirty years ago, in September," he remarks, "we cut a very large branch from an apple tree, on account of injury by gale. The tree was old, and it has never healed over; but it is now sound, and almost as hard as horn, and the tree perfectly sound around it. A few years before and after, large limbs were cut from the same tree in spring; and where they were cut off the tree has rotted, so that a quart measure may be put into the cavity."—*Maine Farmer*.

☞ *Death of Prof. Norton.*—It becomes our painful duty to announce the death, on Sept. 5, of John P. Norton, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in Yale College. Mr. N. was a young man of high attainments in his profession, and justly esteemed for his moral and social qualities by a large circle of acquaintances.—*New Haven Register*.



HORSE DRILL MACHINE.

Because we have made many and important improvements in farm implements in this country, it ought not to be supposed, by any of us, that we have arrived at perfection, or that there are none in other parts of the world which may prove of essential benefit to us in our modes of husbandry. The English people have many excellent machines and implements; but according to our ideas of the fitness of things, they are, most of them, extremely faulty. We examine the *expenditure of labor*, as closely as of the dollars which that labor has produced. No power is wasted. Our farms are probably cultivated with a less force of men and teams than the same amount of labor requires in any other portion of the world. Plows are graduated to all sorts of soils and circumstances, from those scarcely too heavy to be drawn by a man, to those requiring sixteen lusty oxen. If the hoe is an half ounce too heavy, or the shovel handle two inches too short, down sits the farmer's boy and calculates how much power is uselessly expended in one, and what an unnecessary tax and exertion upon muscle and tendon is required, in the other. Consequently, our implements have the weight and strength sufficient to perform the service needed in them, and nothing more. But it has not been so with English emplements. They have been placed in the hands of workmen unaccustomed to compare and think for themselves what tools would work best in certain places, and at the same time somewhat careless in the use of them. The manufacturer has made them stout to withstand a careless usage, and thus all the implements of husbandry in England are greatly too heavy.

But they have many excellent tools and machines, well worthy of our attention, and among them the one represented at the head of this article. We have been much pleased in witnessing the operations of the *Horse Drill*—it is rapid in performing the work, does it well, and leaves the field in the neatest culture. One evident advantage of sowing with a drill over the broadcast machine, or of sowing by hand, is the regular deposition of the seed at one depth, whatever depth may be chosen. Another advantage is the *saving of seed:* the kernels all being deposited at equal distances from each other, as well as at equal depths.

This machine will plant wheat, rye, Indian corn, oats, peas, beans, rutabagas, &c., and can be regulated to drop any required quantity on an acre. The drills can be thrown in or out of gear separately, so as to plant a field of any shape without seeding any part twice. They are so arranged as to operate well on all kinds of land—hilly and rough, as well as level and smooth. A man with two horses, can put in from 10 to 12 acres with wheat in a day; and with one horse he can plant 20 acres of corn per day.

There are two or three different kinds, some possessing advantages which others do not, and costing more. We hope to see them introduced among us, at such prices as will make them accessible to every considerable farmer.

FAIR TESTIMONY.

At a meeting of the *Hillsborough Agricultural Society*, held at Weare, August 26, 1852, Brooks Shattuck, Esq., of Bedford, N. H., said, he had been 22 years employed in a mill, and for 15 years of the time received from $2,00 to $2,50 per day, but could make more money upon his farm than in that employment. We know Mr. Shattuck, well, as an enterprising, progressive farmer—one who does not hug old notions, but believes in pro-

gress; reads the books and papers, compares experiments, and awakens in others about him new views and desires in relation to agricultural employments. We need thousands of such men—we want their energy and example, to reclaim our rugged hills and send fatness into the valleys. In a future meeting of the *Farmers' Club*, we hope he will give his associates a statement of the *comparative enjoyments* of the two occupations of the *mill* and the *farm*.

SAVING SEED CORN.

Mr. F. Holbrook, a distinguished farmer of Brattleboro', Vermont, has published a long communication on the subject of cultivating Indian Corn, in which we find the following mode adopted by him in selecting his seed corn, and we extract it for the benefit of the readers of the *Telegraph*, if better than the mode used by them:

"While upon my present subject, I will say a word about saving seed corn. All experienced farmers are aware that the productiveness and early ripening of any kind of corn, depends very much upon the manner of selecting the seed. I have a long-eared variety, which I have been planting and improving for some ten or twelve years; and although during that time I have tried, I presume, a dozen other sorts, I give the preference to the first-named sort. Whatever may be said in favor of a change of seed, as regards other crops, there is no need of changing seed corn, provided proper care is used in the yearly selection of that for planting. By proper attention to this matter, a variety may be perfectly adapted in its habits to a given climate and soil, and changed much for the better as to productiveness. The difference in product, between careful selection in the field, and taking seed at random from the crib, will, in a very few years, be much in favor of the former mode—the soil and cultivation being in both cases alike.

"As soon as the earliest ears are thoroughly glazed, I go over the field myself, selecting from those stalks that are 'stocky' and vigorous, and that produce two good ears. The selected ears are taken immediately home, braided, and hung up in a dry, airy place. When I commenced with my favorite variety, it was difficult to find twin ears; but now they are abundant. My crops also ripen ten days earlier than at first. I will not mention the length of the ears that might be found in my fields, but will say to you, Mr. Editor, come and see for yourself."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

For the New England Farmer.

TRANSPLANTING FRUIT TREES.

Messrs. Editors:—Will some of your correspondents inform me, through the columns of your paper, the best month for transplanting fruit trees, likewise the best manner of transplanting them.

Blackstone, 1852. W. A. D.

Remarks.—April is the best month, although Mr. Downing thought October as good. If it is more convenient to transplant in the autumn, we do so. See former numbers for the mode of transplanting.

PHYSICAL RECREATION.

Now that the fine weather has commenced, and we have before us a glorious summer, we trust that our city mechanics and workers generally will avail themselves of every opportunity for physical recreation. Bodily exercise is one of the most important means provided by nature for the maintenance of health, and in order to prove the advantages of exercise, we shall show what should be exercised, and the modes by which it may be adopted.

The human body is in reality a machine, the various parts of which are beautifully adapted to each other, so that if one suffer all must suffer.—The bones and muscles are the parts on which motion most depends. There are 400 muscles in the body, each performing a specific duty. They assist the tendons in keeping the bones in their places, and put them into motion. Whether we run, walk, or sit, or stoop, bend the head, arm or leg, or chew food, we may be said to open and shut a number of hinges, or ball and socket joints. It is a provision of nature that, to a certain extent, the more the muscles are exercised, the stronger do they become; hence mechanics, laborers, farmers and others, are stronger and more muscular than those whose lives are passed in easy, light, and professional duties. Besides strengthening the limbs, muscular exercise has a most beneficial influence on the circulation of the blood and on respiration. The larger blood vessels are generally placed deep among the muscles, consequently when the latter are put into motion, the blood is driven through the arteries and veins with much greater rapidity than when there is no exercise; it is more completely purified, as the action of the insensible perspiration is promoted, which relieves the blood of many matters taken up in its passage through the system, and thus diffuses a feeling of lightness and cheerfulness over body and mind.

Recreation should be taken which will exercise all the muscles. Most of our city employments compel the workers to stand or sit in unnatural positions, using only a few of their muscles, while the others remain comparatively inactive. Tailors, sawyers, shoemakers, engravers, watchmakers and many others, such as cotton spinners, dressmakers, present either awkward movements in limbs or eyes, or are sickly or sallow looking.—Such parties are commonly affected with indigestion, giddiness, headache, or diarrhœa. Merchants, store-keepers, lawyers, writers, &c., pass weeks without exercise in the open air, and when opportunity offers, they have lost the inclination. These parties suffer from indigestion, costiveness, cancer of stomach, and stagnant circulation of the blood and all its attendant maladies. Now there is no remedy for the evils referred to, but taking advantage of the summer, and enjoying as much bodily exercise and out-door recreation as possible. It is quite a mistake to consider the labor of the day as equivalent to exercise. Work, of any kind, is a mere routine process, carried on with but little variety of circumstance, and a mere change of scene and air is beneficial. To derive the greatest amount of benefit from exercise it should be combined with amusement, and thus a botanic and rural hunt is both pleasurable and recreative. If this important fact was borne in mind by parents, teachers and employers, much fewer would be the victims to licentiousness, drunkenness and disease.

Athletic sports and out of door exercise, of every description, are no less conducive to the morals, and happiness, than they are necessary to the perfect health of the young of both sexes. Wherever there is physical depression, there *must* be a disposition to resort to mental, moral, or injurious physical stimulants. We wish we could say of the American youth, what Goldsmith, in his "Deserted Village," said of the youth of his native place:

"How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remittant lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labor free,
Set up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
Still many a pastime erected in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed."

But we cannot expect this for the youth of our day and country; we must allow the dull machinery of acquisition, without a wholesome pause of joyous check, to go on year after year, paralyzing the limbs cramping the natural energies, deadening the affections, and darkening the happiness of our toiling citizens. This is the real cause why every city is a pasture field for a host of gamblers, groggeries, prostitutes, and quack doctors!—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

MUD HOUSES.

A late number of the *Maine Farmer* has an interesting editorial upon the subject of the construction of mud houses. He speaks of the bricks for the walls as being fifteen inches long, one foot wide and six inches deep, and composed of clay and sand. We have no doubt that houses may be made cheap and durable of such materials, but allude to the article to say that we have seen houses constructed of common soil, where it was of a clayey tendency, erected by preparing a strong plank mould the length of a side or end, resting its edges upon the ground and filling it with the surface soil in its immediate neighborhood. This was moistened, pounded thoroughly and left a day or two to dry, while another mould was filled for another part of the building, and in this manner the walls were raised. How the corners were dovetailed or connected with each other, we do not know. One or two of the houses constructed in this manner were recently standing, and probably are now, and have been occupied and made a fine appearance for nearly twenty years.

Why do not our people build more of stone!—This material is excellent and in abundance over most of New England, and properly laid up would last for several generations with trifling repairs compared with those required by wood. All kinds of lumber are becoming scarce and high, and we hope more attention will be turned to the importance of erecting our dwellings and barns of stone. In proper architectural proportions they look well—far better than the glaring white which so universally prevails. Buildings in the country look better constructed of small stones than of large blocks, and where large stones *are* used, uncut is more pleasant to our eye than cut, excepting the usual dressing at the corners. Will brother Holmes give the world a jog in this matter?

THE PLAIN WHY AND BECAUSE.

Why do birds fly? Because they have the largest bones of all animals, in proportion to their weight; and their bones are more hollow than those of animals that do not fly. Air vessels, also, enable them to blow out the hollow parts of their bodies, when they wish to make their descent slower, rise more swiftly or float in the air. The muscles that move the wings of birds downward, in many instances, are a sixth part of the weight of the whole body; whereas, those of a man are not in proportion one-hundredth part so.

Why have all animals more or less fat? Because it may serve as a store of nourishment; being most abundant when the animal is well furnished with a copious supply of food, and gradually diminishing in quantity as the food become scarcer, and disappearing when, from want, a lingering death has been produced.—*Fleming's Zoology.*

Why does the scorpion carry its young on the back? Because they are there protected and defended by the tail, at the extremity of which is the sting. Scorpions have frequent battles with ants, which may sometimes be seen dragging from the field one of their vanquished foes.—*Dr Scott.*

Why are scorpions killed by covering them with oil? Becuuse their respiration is thus prevented.

Why have birds that do not fly, wings? Because they assist in balancing the body as they run.

Why is a blue flame so often seen upon the surface of a charcoal fire? Because the combustion of the carbonic oxide is formed in this way; the air entering at bottom, forms carbonic acid, which passing through the red hot charcoal, becomes converted into carbonic oxide. Hence arises the danger of burning charcoal in ill-ventilated chambers.

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

We believe it is some German poet who, walking "silent and thoughtful by the solemn shore of the vast ocean we must sail so soon," thus speaks of "*The Ship of Death.*"

By the shore of Time now lying,
On the inky flood beneath,
Patiently, thou *Soul* undying,
Waits for thee the Ship of Death!

He who on that vessel starteth,
Sailing from the sons of men,
To the friends from whom he parteth,
Never more returns again!

From her mast no flag is flying,
To denote from whence she came;
She is known unto the dying—
Azrael is her captain's name.

Not a word was ever spoken,
On that dark, unfathomed sea;
Silence there is so unbroken,
She herself seems not to be.

Silent thus, in darkness lonely,
Doth the *Soul* put forth alone,
While the wings of angels only
Waft her to a *Land Unknown*.

Threshing Machine.—A new threshing machine is said to have been invented by a Mr. Palmer, of N. Carolina, which, with four men to feed it, will take a hundred cart loads of wheat in the morning, lying in the sheaf, pass it through the thresher, separate every kernel from the straw, winnow, clean, and put into bags 1500 bushels before sunset.

For the New England Farmer.

TALL PUMPKIN VINE.

Messrs. Editors:—In the Sept. number of the *Farmer*, "Mount Grace" gives us a pretty tall specimen of rye, which will be hard to beat. I would say to Mount Grace and the rest of mankind, that I have a pumpkin vine, that has twenty-one (21) pumpkins on it, 17 of them perfectly ripe, yellow as any California gold. Many individuals have examined the vine and pumpkins, and have invariably pronounced it the greatest yield they have ever seen. If any one can beat this, let us hear from them. If Mount Grace will call this way about Thanksgiving time, we will give him an opportunity to test the quality of these pumpkins. We have had a dry season; much of our vegetation has suffered for the want of rain. I have nearly 1-2 an acre that is cultivated as a garden; it is all worked deep, some of it on the trenching system to nearly three feet deep; *this has not suffered in the least;* other portions of it have been affected in proportion to the depth the soil was worked. Ansel Holman.

Slaterville, Sept. 11, 1852.

Remarks.—We have taken the liberty to underscore a few words in the above communication, in order to give emphasis to the fact expressed.

For the New England Farmer.

SWALLOWS.

Gentlemen:—I see by a notice in the *New England Farmer*, that you wish for information as to the time of the migration of the common barn swallow. In answer to which, I would state, that swallows, in considerable numbers, have been seen here every day up to the 2d of Sept., since which time none have been seen.

Some of my neighbors, who are somewhat noted as being great observers of "times and seasons," say that the common barn swallow seldom, if ever, leave here until about the 25th or 30th of August.

Perhaps you may say that it is not the common barn swallow; I should tell you that I am not mistaken, for I know a *barn* swallow, from any other, as well as I know a Robin Redbreast from a Blue Jay.

Yours respectfully, Joseph Hadley.

Chester, Vt., Sept. 13, 1852.

Remarks.—Thank you, friend Hadley; we shall "make a note" of your statement, and by and by, when the attention of more persons in the country is turned to the subject, we shall find out the habits of these interesting birds to a certainty.—But is it not singular that no swallows of any kind have been seen in this region for several weeks, and that they should be found in numbers so much farther north?

The Tanneries of the United States.—The total number of establishments in the United States is 6,263; capital invested, $18,900,557; value of hides prepared, $5,128,970; skins $2,653,865;—value of raw material, $19,623,237; number of hands employed, 20,909 male, and 102 females; monthly wages, $416,214 to males and $790 to females; number of skins produced, 2,653,865; sides of leather, 12,257,940; aggregate value of annual products, 32,861,796. There are about 6,000,000 sheep, goat, and other small skins tanned and dressed annually, which are not included in the above. Of the various States, New York has the largest amount of capital invested, and Pennsylvania next. The products of these two States are also the largest.

For the New England Farmer.

THE POTATO ROT.

Friend Brown:—Early in September, our friend, Joseph T. Gilman, Esq., of this town, dug about one hundred and fifty bushels of as fine-looking Chenango potatoes as I ever saw, and put them into his cellar. I examined them carefully in the field, while they lay in the rows after they were dug, and there was no indication of disease. To-day, I have again seen them, as he is removing them from the cellar, and a considerable portion, perhaps a quarter, are affected with the rot, and many of them soft.

They were planted early, on rather dry, sandy land, in a rich old field, which was planted with corn last year, a part manured in the hill with guano and plaster, and the rest with plaster alone. No other manure was applied to the land. They were dug on a warm day, and put dry into a dry, cool cellar. I think he will lose the most of them.—Some Nova Scotia Bluenoses, in the same cellar, are also slightly affected. I understand that the rot has also been noticed in the potatoes on the farm of Mrs. Norris, of this place. It is well to keep the record of these facts, especially of cases so marked as that of Mr. Gilman's crop. I have heard of no other instance of the disease here.

Yours truly, Henry F. French.

Exeter, N. H., Sept. 20, 1852.

WOOL—THE CLIP OF 1852.

The *Ohio State Journal*, published at Columbus, says the wool clip in that State is much less than last year, owing to the hard winter and neglect of sheltering sheep. Wool has sold there for six cents per pound less than last year. It adds:

"It is now ascertained that the clip throughout the whole country is much less than last year. It amounted, then, to about 52,000,000 pounds.—This year it will fall six or seven millions short. This deficiency is partly attributable to the hard winter, and partly to the fact that the farmers are selling more sheep to the butchers. This deficiency has caused a rapid rise in the price of wool in the Eastern markets. Sales in New York from 35 to 45 cents, and not much fleece can be bought for less than 40 cents.

"The wool produced this year is less than our manufacturers need, and the balance will have to be imported. This shows there is still room for extension in the wool growing business."

☞ The Annual Fair of the Hillsborough, N. H., Agricultural and Mechanical Society is to be held at Nashua on the 29th and 30th of this month.

☞ Several valuable communications on hand shall receive attention.

MASS. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society opened in the Public Garden on Tuesday, and continued till Thursday night. The display took place under Wright's mammoth tent, and was probably the finest exhibition of fruits and vegetables ever witnessed in this country. The collection of pears was one of the most remarkable sights in the pomological line we ever beheld. Marshall P. Wilder, of Dorchester, had 260 varieties; R. Manning, of Salem, 167; S. Walker, of Roxbury, 137; Hovey & Co., 150; B. V. French, of Braintree, 160. The last named gentleman also had 180 varieties of apples. There were likewise many noble specimens of peaches, plums, grapes, &c. The display of vegetables was also very attractive. Mrs. S. W. Cole, of Chelsea, exhibited 50 varieties of seedling potatoes, which attracted much attention. Mammoth squashes, melons, beets, parsnips, potatoes, cabbages, &c., were in abundance. The floral collection was not very extensive, but included many rare and choice flowers, and the bouquets and flower-pieces with which the tables were decorated, added much to the beauty of the scene. The members of the Horticultural Society could not but have felt proud of their exhibition, and all who witnessed the display must henceforth cherish a deeper respect for the noble art to whose advancement the Society is devoted.

Mechanics' Department, Arts, &c.

INGENIOUS PIECE OF MECHANISM.

A small machine of recent invention has been lately put in operation in this city, for the manufacture of wire chain, such as is used on fluid lamps, to fasten the extinguishers to the tubes.—There have been, heretofore, machines for cutting and forming the links, and the merit of this invention consists in uniting these machines so as to work in connection, and in the addition of an entirely new and original contrivance for locking and setting the links together, thus forming a continuous chain within the machine. This latter process was formerly performed by hand.

The machinery is exceedingly complicated, and the casual observer would perceive nothing in the collection of geers, cams, wheels, &c., before him that indicated an adaptation of parts or unanimity of purpose. When in motion it is even more difficult to form the slightest conception of the object of its construction. It appears like a mass of springs, knives, rollers and followers, all flying with utmost rapidity, and so intricately arranged that even an experienced eye is somewhat baffled to detect any concert in the action of the parts. The wire enters, and then we see the accuracy and precision of the inventor's calculations. It is clipped the requisite length, it is then passed on and formed; one end is set up closely, the other remaining open like a hook, then passing on it is hooked on the end of the chain, closely followed by another, and another, with such rapidity as to astonish the observer and make him doubt the reality of the scene before him. This highly ingenious machine is so compact as to be contained in a case no larger than a lady's work-box, which case has two apertures, one for the admission of the wire, the other for the passage of the chain, which is made, when the machine is at its highest speed, at the rate of a yard per minute, but its ordinary working rate is about thirty yards per hour. There are about 150 links in one yard, and it is easy to conceive of the skill and ingenuity of the inventor, and the nicety of adjustment in the machine, when it is stated that the machine will run for days and weeks without malforming one link or causing a single break in the machine. As yet the machine is kept secret, none having been allowed to see it but a few friends of the inventor; and no patent has yet been obtained, though one will doubtless be taken out at some future day.—*Boston Journal.*

ANOTHER INVENTION FOR VENTILATING RAIL-ROAD CARS.

The *New Haven Courier* gives the following description of another invention designed to promote the comfort of passengers travelling by rail-road:

"The invention is a very simple one, and consists merely in a connection formed between all the cars by enclosing the platforms, so that the external air, with the dust, smoke and cinders, are entirely excluded from the usual ways of ingress. The front of the baggage car is open, but protected from the smoke of the locomotive by a screen. The air rushes in through the front of the car, and circulates freely through the whole length of the train, keeping up at all times a gentle motion of the air, without the possibility of annoyance from dust, &c. The passengers on the train were all delighted with its operation. It has this advantage over Mr. Paine's recently invented ventilator, that when the air is at rest, the passengers have the free use of the ordinary means of ventilation by doors and windows, and thus the intolerable heat is avoided, while there is no fear of the admission of smoke, which forces itself into Paine's ventilators when passing under bridges, or on a wet day, when the wind is dead a-head, and rolls it along the roof."

OIL TEST.

We were invited a few days since to examine a curious machine, called an Oil Test. The inventor claims that by this instrument he can determine precisely the quality of any description of oil. That it will show precisely the different degrees of tenacity, and in what manner different oils lessen friction, or in other words, what the lubricating qualities of any oils may be. Thus if one kind of oil submitted to this test shows a tenacity of *twenty*, as indicated by the machine; and another is found to be *forty*, it is very evident that one of these oils contains twice as much superfluous matter as the other; and also that the tenacity of the former is but one half of the latter, and considerably lessens friction in the same proportion.

This invention is now in the possession of and made only by Mr. Daniel A. Craig, an industrious and ingenious machinist, who has taken steps to secure a patent right for it, when he will imme-

diately commence the manufacture of the machines, for sale. We think it will secure the attention of manufacturers and others who consume large quantities of oil, the quality of which they cannot easily determine until it has been used for some time. —*Traveller.*

THE ELECTRIC BALL.—An electric ball is to be put up on a prominent spot on South Foreland Point, near Dover, Eng., which will act simultaneously with the electric clocks at the Greenwich Observatory. The falling of this ball, and the simultaneous firing of a gun by electricity, will enable all vessels within ten miles, and those in the Downs, to regulate their chronometers to a second.

REDUCTION OF THE HOURS OF LABOR.—The Lowell Machine Shop, as well as the machine shops at Lawrence, Manchester, Biddeford and Holyoke, have reduced the hours of lapor to 11 per day for the workmen in their employ.

DEATH OF AN INVENTOR.—William Howe, of Springfield, the inventor of the celebrated bridge for railroads, which bears his name, and which has been brought into extensive use in nearly all parts of the country, died in Springfield on Sunday. His invention was a source of great wealth to him.

☞ The shoe business in Lynn during the past year has excelled in activity the enterprise of many preceding years, and the demand promises well for the future

Ladies' Department.

POOR, ABUSED WOMAN.

Women have been called the martyr sex They certainly do serve a hard master, to whose tortures they submit even cheerfully; in this, we suppose, showing their martyr spirit. Sometimes, by this tyrant, they are compelled to wear shoes so very small as to painfully cramp the feet, and again, of so thin a texture as to subject them to colds, consumption and death! Again this ingenious torture takes another form, and women are seen with enormous burdens on their backs, while they are at the same time dragged to the earth by numerous heavy encasements of wool or cotton. At other times they are subjected to agonizing pressure about the waist by "infernal machines," called corsets. Often they call forth the sympathies of all beholders, as they pick their weary way through the muddy streets, with bedraggled skirts, whose length the tyrant prescribes, flapping uncomfortably against their heels. And as if all this were not enough, their pretty faces,—which every body knows is the nature of woman *not* to thrust brazenly forth to the gaze of the crowd,—together with a large portion of the head, are left exposed to glaring sun, and staring eyes, by an abbreviation, which, in derision of its short comings, we suppose, is called a bonnet! And yet how cheerfully, with what alacrity, even, does woman submit to these painful exactions.

That this monster, who torments the better half of creation, may be held up to the execration it deserves, we shall publish its name. It is—FASHION! Will the next Woman's Convention take this subject into consideration?—*Portland Transcript.*

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

GINGERBREAD, No. 1.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, three pounds of flour, two table spoonfuls of ginger, one gill of cream, one pint of molasses. Rub the butter in the flour; add the other ingredients. Roll out the dough, cut it into cakes, place them on buttered tins, and bake in a moderately cool oven. Wash the cakes over with molasses and water before you bake them.

GINGERBREAD, No. 2.—Half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pound and a half of flour, one ounce of ginger, one pint of molasses. Rub the flour and butter well together, add the other ingredients. Roll out the dough, cut it in cakes, place them on tins, wash them over with molasses and water and bake them in a modorate oven.

BOSTON GINGERBREAD.—Three cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, two eggs, one table spoonful of dissolved salæratus, two large table spoonfuls of ginger, one table spoonful of cinnamon, milk enough to form a dough. Rub the butter and flour together, and add the other ingredients. Roll it out in sheets, cut thin, butter your tins, place them, and wash the cakes over with molasses and water before they are put in the oven. They require a very moderate heat to bake them, as they easily scorch.

COMMON GINGERBREAD.—Half a pound of butter, half a cupful of ginger, one pint of molasses, two pounds of flour, one table spoonful of salæratus. Rub the flour and butter together and add the other ingredients together. Knead the dough well. Roll it out, cut it in cakes, wash them over with molasses and water, and bake them in a moderate oven.

PLAIN GINGERBREAD.—Three pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of sugar, half an ounce of ground ginger, half a pound of butter, molasses sufficient to moisten the flour. Cut up the butter in the flour, add to it the sugar and ginger, and stir in molasses barely enough to moisten the flour, as it will become softer by kneading. Knead the dough well, roll it out in sheets, cut it in cakes, place them on tins, wash then over with molasses and water, and bake in a cool oven.—*National Cook Book.*

A PSALM FOR THE SORROWING.

Gay wanderer in a homeless world,
Poor pilgrim to a dusty bier;
On Time's great cycle darkly hurled
From year to year;
See in the sky these words unfurled—
"Thy home is here!"

Pale mourner, whose quick tears reveal
Thy weight of sorrow but begun—
Not long thy burdened soul shall reel
Beneath the sun,—
A few swift circles of the wheel,
And all is done.

Though galled with fetters ye have lain,
To vulture hopes and fears a prey,
O, moan not o'er your ceaseless pain,
Or slow decay;
For know, the soul thus flies its chain
And breaks away.

T. B. READ.

Boy's Department.

THE DRUMMER-BOY OF WATERLOO.

When battle roused each warlike band,
And carnage loud the trumpet blew,
Young Edwin left his native land,
A drummer-boy for Waterloo.

Then he that knew no infant fears,
His knapsack o'er his shoulders threw,
And cried, "Dear mother, dry those tears,
'Till I return from Waterloo."

And when his mother's lips he pressed,
She bade her noble boy adieu;
With wringing hands, and aching breast,
Beheld him march for Waterloo.

He went, and ere the set of sun,
Beheld the foe, the arms subdue;
The flash of death, the murderer's gun,
That laid him low, at Waterloo.

"O, comrades, comrades!" Edwin cried—
And proudly beamed his eyes so blue—
"Go, tell dear mother, Edwin died
A soldier's death, at Waterloo!"

They placed his head upon his drum,
Beneath the moon's bright, mournful hue;
The night had stilled the battle hum—
They dug his grave at Waterloo!

HINT FOR YOUNG TOBACCO CHEWERS.

Some writer, who signs his name Peter Simple, tells the story of a sailor-boy who chewed tobacco, which contains a good hint for those who indulge in such a habit. We advise our young readers never to be guilty of this filthy practice; and if any one has been so unfortunate as to have already acquired the disgusting habit, to throw away the tobacco, clean out the mouth as soon as possible, and never defile it again by the use of such a weed. Here is the story.

I was amused the last morning watch that I kept. We were stowing away the hammocks in the quarter-deck nettings, when one of the boys came with his hammock on his shoulder, and as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"What have you got there, my good lad? a gum-boil? Your cheek is much swollen."

"No, sir," replied the boy, "there is nothing at all the matter."

"O, there must be; perhaps it is a bad tooth. Open your mouth and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, which contained a large roll of tobacco leaf.

"I see, I see," said the lieutenant; "your mouth wants overhauling, and your teeth cleaning. I wish we had a dentist on board; but as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armorer up here with his tongues.

When the armorer made his appearance, the boy was compelled to open his mouth, while the tobacco was extracted with his rough instrument.

"There, now," said the lieutenant, "I'm sure that you must feel better already; you never could have any appetite with such stuff in your mouth. Now, captain of the afterguard, bring a piece of old canvass and some sand, and clean his teeth nicely."

The captain of the afterguard came forward, and, putting the boy's head between his knees, scrubbed his teeth well with sand and canvas for two or three minutes.

"There, that will do," said the lieutenant. "Now, my little fellow, take some water and rince out your mouth nice and clean, and you will enjoy your breakfast. It was impossible for you to have eaten anything with your mouth in such a nasty state. When it is dirty again, come to me and I will be your dentist."

Fishkill Landing Nursery.

2½ MILES NORTH FROM THE NEWBURGH FERRY.

The subscriber respectfully solicits the attention of *Fruit Growers* and dealers in Fruit Trees to his large stock, for sale this fall, consisting of

40,000 Apple Trees, of the most approved varieties, 6 to 10 feet high, and from $12 to $14 per hundred.

20,000 Pear Trees, embracing all the varieties in general cultivation, 5 to 8 feet high, 30 cts. each, $28 per hundred, on Pear stocks. On Quinces the trees are very thrifty, and include, in addition to the leading standard sorts, many of the new varieties of recent introduction, which promise well.

30,000 Cherry Trees, two to three years old, of nearly all the popular kinds in cultivation:—Dwarfs, on Mahaleb stocks, of the choicest varieties, can also be supplied, 6 to 12 feet high, $20 to $22 per hundred.

20,000 Plum Trees, of the most highly esteemed sorts, $30 per hundred;—Trees thrifty, pretty, and of fine size.

A Large Stock of Apricot, mostly on Plum stocks, at $30 on Plum, $12½ on Peach, per hundred.

30,000 Peach Trees of the most valuable kind, standard varieties, one to two years growth on the inoculation, 7 cents each, $6 per hundred. No peach pits are planted but from a district where the "Yellows" has not yet made its appearance.

The Stock of Isabella, and Catwaba Grape Vines is very large, two and four years old, with fine roots; having been annually cut back, they are in fine condition for vineyard planting—$10 to $15 per hundred.

2,000 Quince Trees, mostly of the Apple variety; Currant and Raspberry bushes, Strawberry plants, Hybrid Perpetual and other Roses, &c.

40,000 Deciduous and Evergreen Ornamental Trees, suitable for Lawns and Avenues, many of which are of large size and fine form—among which are 10,000 Arborvita, 1½ to 5 feet high, $12 to $25 per hundred. (Not from the State of Maine.)

18,000 Balsam Fir, 1½ to 5 feet high, at from $15 to $30 per hundred—together with Norway Spruce, Native Spruce, Scotch, Austrian and Weymouth Pines, Junipers, Deodar Cedar, Cedar of Lebanon, English and Irish Yew, &c.

5,000 Red Cedars, of suitable size for screens.

10 000 Buckthorn, two years old, at from $6 to $8 per thousand.

The most highly prized varieties of the Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum, Apricot, Cherry, &c., which have recently originated in this country and Europe, have been procured as early as practicable, and tested, or are in the course of being tested, on the grounds of the proprietor. The new and rare Deciduous and Evergreen Ornamental Trees are annually imported, of which fine plants can be furnished. 4000 seedling Oaks and Elms, imported four years since, are among the Deciduous Trees, many of them very remarkable in their growth and appearance.

The Nursery is located within 2½ miles of the Hudson River Railroad Depot, at Fishkill Landing. Steamboats run daily to New York and Albany, from Newburgh.

Trees, &c., when ordered, will be taken up carefully, correctly labelled, packed in the best manner, forwarded agreeable to order, and with the least possible delay. Charges for packing made only to cover cost.

Catalogues sent in exchange for a letter stamp.

DANIEL BRINCKERHOFF.

Fishkill Landing, Oct. 2, 1851.

JOSEPH REYNOLDS, M. D.,

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of CONCORD AND VICINITY. Dr. R. was formerly House Physician to the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, and for 20 years past has practised the several branches of his profession in Gloucester, Mass.

☞ Reference to L. V. BELL, M. D., Somerville.
J. V. C. SMITH, M. D., } Boston.
J. B. S. JACKSON, M. D., }
H. I. BOWDITCH, M. D., }

Concord, Mass., Sept. 25. tf

State Mutual Life Assurance Co.

OF WORCESTER.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL, $100,000.

Hon. JOHN DAVIS, President.

Hon. ISAAC DAVIS, } Vice
Hon. STEPHEN SALISBURY, } Presidents.

THIS Company was chartered in March, 1844, and commenced business on the first of June, 1845. Its business is conducted on the most economical principles.

The well considered and invariable policy of this Company has been to prefer the safety and mutuality of the assured to the showy advantages of a large number of policies, and an imposing amount of receipts. California risks have been uniformly declined, and the multiplication of policies in cities considered especially liable to cholera has not been encouraged.

The cash premiums of this company are calculated on the most approved tables of the probability of life, and at the lowest rates which are deemed safe.

Pamphlets, explaining the principles and advantages of life assurance, with forms of application and rates of premium, may be had by application at the Office of the Company in Worcester, or of the Agents in all the principal towns in New England.

CLARENDON HARRIS, Secretary.

Dec. 27, 1851. 1st*

Mexican Guano.

A NEW ARTICLE is now offered to the Agriculturist and Dealers, under the above name, from its having been found near the Mexican coast. It has been analyzed by C. T. Jackson, M. D., State Assayer, Boston, Dr. David Stewart, of Baltimore, and others. Dr. Stewart says it contains the largest proportion of Phosphates he has ever met with in Guano.

The following are the result of the analysis made by C. T. Jackson, M. D.:

Water	23.40
Vegetable Matter	15.80
Soluble Salts (in Water) Phos. Soda	0.12
Phosphates of Lime and Magnesia	60.50
Insoluble Matter (Selex)	0.10
	99,92

The quality of this Guano as a rich fertilizer, and the great reduction in price compared with the Peruvian, is such as to render it an object for the agriculturist and dealers to buy and give it a trial. It has been tried in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va., and much approved by the Farmers, those who are now buying and using of it freely. It may be obtained in lots to suit purchasers of A. D. WELD, 127 State Street, PHINEAS SPRAGUE & Co., T Wharf, or of P. A. STONE, who is the importer, and may be found at 15 Crescent Place, Boston, where also other information may be obtained respecting it. It is also for sale by Parker & White, 8 and 10 Gerrish Block, Blackstone Street; D. Prouty & Co., 19 North Market Street.

March 27. tf—*

Pure Devon Stock.

COWS, HEIFERS, BULLS and BULL CALVES for sale.

Apply at Office of N. E. Farmer, or to the subscriber.

B. V. FRENCH,
Braintree, Mass.

Dec. 27, 1851. 1yr*

Administrator's Sale.

By license of Court, must be and will be sold at Public Auction, without reserve, on SATURDAY, the 9th day of October next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the well-known and valuable Farm of Moses Chapin, late of Grafton, deceased, situated about one mile from Grafton Common, on the great road leading from said Common to Mendon, containing 83 acres of land, in suitable sized lots, enclosed with good strong wall, and on a hill where the air is pure, water good, and location most beautiful.

The buildings are large and convenient, and the soil second to no other in the county, and the place one of the most desirable for a capitalist who wishes to retire on an elevation of land overlooking the surrounding country.

For further particulars, all are invited to examine for themselves previous to the day of sale, as it will be sold within a few minutes of the above named time, storm or sunshine.

Reference to Hon. Samuel Wood, at the Custom House, Boston, Isaac H. Southwick, Superintendent of the Prov. & Wor. Railroad, at Providence, or to any person in said town of Grafton, or vicinity.

CHARLES BRIGHAM,
Grafton, Sept. 11, 1852. 5w*1 Administrator.

The Farmers' Library.

JUST RECEIVED, the following assortment of Agricultural and Horticultural Books, embracing the standard works of eminent American and European writers, on the Farm, the Orchard, the Garden, &c. &c.

	PRICE.
American Farm Book, by Allen,	$1,00
Farmer's Treasure, by Faulkner and Smith,	75
Dana's Muck Manual,	1,00
Prize Essay on Manures, by Dana,	25
American Muck Book, by Browne,	1,00
Lectures on Practical Agriculture, by Johnstone,	75
Elements of Scientific Agriculture, by Norton,	50
Principles of Agriculture, by Thaer,	2,50
Practical Agriculture, by Johnstone,	75
Agriculture for Schools, by Blake,	1,00
Catechism of Agriculture and Chemistry, by Johnstone and Norton,	25
American Agriculturist, by Allen,	1,00
Liebig's Complete Work on Chemistry,	1,00
Farmer's and Emigrant's Hand Book, by Marshall,	75
Home for all, by Fowler,	50
Book of the Farm, by Stephens and Skinner,	4,00
Cottage and Farm Houses, by Downing,	2,00
Downing's Country Houses,	1,00
Rural Architecture, by Allen,	1,25
Downing's Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture,	3,50
Downing's Cottage Residences,	2,00
Fruit Garden, by Barry,	1,25
Complete Gardener and Farmer, by Fessenden,	1,25
Bridgeman's Gardener's Assistant,	2,00
Bridgeman's Kitchen Gardener's Instructor,	50
American Fruit Culturist, by Thomas,	1,00
Gardener and Complete Florist,	25
Florist's Guide, by Bridgeman,	50
New England Fruit Book, by Ives,	50
Youatt and Martin on Cattle, by Stevens,	1,25
Rose Culturist,	38
Johnson's Gardener's Dictionary, by Landreth,	1,50
Rural Economy, by Boussingault,	1,00
American Rose Culturist,	25
Bigelow's Plants of Boston,	1,25
Genera of Plants of the U. S., by Gray, 2 vols.	12,00
Gray's Botany,	2,00
Parnell's Chemistry,	1,00
New England Farmer, by Cole,	1,00
Ladies' Guide and Skilful Housewife, by Mrs. Abel,	25
Hive and Honey Bee, by Richardson,	25
Bee Keeper's Manual, by Miner,	50
Bird Fancier, by Browne, paper 25 cents,	50
Townley on Bees,	50
American Poultry Yard, by Browne,	1,00
American Poulterers' Companion, by Bement,	1,00
American Fowl Breeder, by Moore,	25
American Herd Book, by Allen,	3,00
American Shepherd, by Morrill,	1,00
Domestic Animals, by Allen,	75
Diseases of Animals, by Cole,	50
Hints to Sportsmen, by Lewis,	1,25
Dadd's Anatomy and Physiology o fthe Horse,	1.00
Mason's Farrier and Stud Book, by Skinner,	1,25
Management of Sheep, by Canfield,	1,00
Youatt on the Pig,	50
Knowlson's Complete Cow Doctor,	25
Horse Doctor,	25
Guenon's Treatise on Milch Cows,	38
Treatise on Hot Houses, by Leuchars,	1,00
Allen on the Grape,	1,00
Loudon's Encyclopædia,	10,00
Schenck's Text Book,	50
Breck's Book of Flowers,	75
Downing's Fruit and Fruit Trees,	1,50

For sale at the Publishers' prices by RUGGLES, NOURSE MASON & Co., Quincy Hall, (*over the Market,*) Boston.

April 3, 1852. tf

Garden Seeds.

WE respectfully solicit the attention of purchasers of GARDEN SEEDS to our extensive stock, which we offer for sale. We have all the sorts of Vegetable Seeds that have proved worthy of cultivation; also, Grain, Grass and Flower Seeds. All the varieties are raised and selected expressly for our trade, and we do with confidence recommend them to all who desire to procure seeds that will prove true to their names.

☞ Catalogues gratis, on application.

RUGGLES, NOURSE, MASON & CO.,
Jan. 1. Over Quincy Market, Boston.

Bound Volumes.

BACK VOLUMES of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, elegantly bound in Muslin, Gilt and Embossed, are now for sale at this office.

Boston, March 20, 1852 tf

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

The Farm in October.....Page 443
Potato Rot—Additions to the stock of Domestic Animals and Useful Plants.....444
Death of Professor Norton.....445
How to Doctor Sick Pastures.....446
The Potato Rot.....447
A Fine Farm—Plaster on Wheat in the Fall.....448
Can the bearing year of Apple Trees be changed?.....446
The Weather—Gov. Endicott an Horticulturist.....449
Does the Stock affect the Fruit?.....450
Striped Sweeting Apple.....451
Hawaiian Agriculture—Stuffing Birds.....452
The Oak Pruner.....453
Note from a Brother.....454
Additions to the stock of Cultivated Plants.....454
Angry Words—Agricultural Geology.....455
Pruning.....456
A new Grass.....457
Potash on Trees—Effect of Imagination on Cows.....458
Mr. Webster's Farm—Time for Pruning.....459
Fruit Growing—How to make a Horse follow you.....460
Musk-Melon Seeds—Middlesex Agricultural Society.....460
Farmers' Sons.....461
Delays—Proper size for Farms.....464
Vermont State Fair.....465
The Beans.....466
Hints for September—Bob's notion of Book Farming.....468
A new Lamp.....469
Northern Spy Apple—Superphosphate of Lime.....470
Agriculture in France.....470
Caterpillars—Raspberries—Bob-o-links.....471
A good crop of Rye—The Peach Tree.....472
Mass. State Board of Agriculture.....472
Spent Tan for Strawberries—Coal Ashes—Blackberries.....474
Man's Food—Agricultural Colleges—Sting of a Bee.....475
The Eyelid of the Tree-toad—Air Plants.....476
Hints for the Agriculturist—Editorial Delinquencies.....477
The town of Wilmington—Local advantages for business.....478
"What's in a name"—Wild Cherry poison to Cows.....479
Stones on cultivated land.....479
The Independent Farmer—Is Farming profitable?.....480
Liquid and Solid Manures—Deep Plowing.....481
The proper time for Pruning.....481
Fair Testimony.....482
Saving Seed Corn—Transplanting Fruit Trees.....483
Physical Recreation.....483
Mud Houses—The plain Why and Because.....484
The Ship of Death—New Threshing Machine.....484
Tall Pumpkin Vine—Swallows—The Potato Rot.....485
Wool—The Clip of 1852.....485
Mass. Horticultural Society's Exhibition.....486
Mechanics' Department, Arts, &c.....486
Ladies' Department.....487
Boys' Department.....488

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Imperial Gage Plum.....451
Arabian Horse "Tartar".....467
Horse Drill Machine.....482

Farm for Sale.

For sale a farm and country residence, situated in the town of BURLINGTON, 1½ miles from the Woburn Centre Depot, and 12 miles from Boston. Said farm consists of 50 acres of land, d vided into Tillage and Orchards. The annual produce of Apples is 150 barrels. There are two Peach Orchards, of 75 trees each; the oldest is in full bearing, the other just coming into bearing. There is also an orchard containing 250 Dwarf Pears, in bearing, set out three years since, and selected with great care. The buildings consist of a dwelling-house, and two barns, with the necessary sheds and out-buildings, all of which are in perfect repair. One of the barns is a large one, with cellar under it. The farm is level, and easy of cultivation; the house is delightfully situated on a rise of land, and overlooks the farm.

For terms and particulars, apply on the premises, or by mail to JOHN H. DANE.

Sept. 25, 1852. *tf

Ayrshire Bull.

For sale, a full-blooded AYRSHIRE BULL, 6 years old, (warranted pure,) of the best stock, and for beauty of form and breeding properties equal to any in the country.

For price and further particulars quire at the office of the New England Farmer.

Burlington, Sept. 11, 1852. 2w*1

NEW ENGLAND FARMER

Is published on the first of every month, by JOHN RAYNOLDS and JOEL NOURSE, at Quincy Hall, South Market St., Boston.

SIMON BROWN, Editor.

FREDERICK HOLBROOK, } Associate
HENRY F. FRENCH, } Editors.

☞ Terms, $1,00 per annum in advance.

☞ All subscriptions to commence with the volume, Jan. 1.

The FARMER, is devoted *exclusively* to Agriculture, Horticulture, and their kindred Arts and Sciences; making a neat volume of 576 octavo pages, embellished with numerous engravings. It may be elegantly bound in muslin, embossed and gilt, at 25 cts. a volume, if left at the office of publication.

☞ Also published at the same office every Saturday, on a large handsome folio sheet, the

NEW ENGLAND FARMER, (WEEKLY,)

An Independent Agricultural Family Newspaper.

The News and Miscellaneous departments under the charge of WILLIAM SIMONDS, will include a full and careful report of the news of the Markets, and the news of the week, such as Domestic, Foreign and Marine Intelligence, Congressional and Legislative proceedings, Temperance and Religious Intelligence, and a general variety of Literary and Miscellaneous matter, adapted to family reading, comprising more useful and valuable reading matter than any other Agricultural Newspaper published in New England. Everything of a hurtful or even doubtful tendency will be carefully excluded from its columns.

☞ Terms $2,00 per annum in advance.

The monthly contains nearly the same matter as the Agricultural department of the weekly.

☞ Postmasters and others, who will forward four new subscribers on the above named terms, for either publication, shall receive a fifth copy gratis for one year.

☞ All orders and letters should be addressed, *post-paid*,

RAYNOLDS & NOURSE,

QUINCY HALL, SOUTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON.

The postage on the New England Farmer, monthly, is as follows:

For any distance not exceeding 50 miles 5 cents *per year*.
Over 50, and not exceeding 300 miles..10 cents *per year*.

Over 300	"	"	1000	15	" "
Over 1000	"	"	2000	20	" "
Over 2000	"	"	4000	25	" "
Over 4000	"	"		30	" "

To prevent any misunderstanding, we quote the 16th section of the law of 3d March, 1845, which is as follows:

SEC. 16. And be it further enacted, that the term "Newspaper," herein before used, shall be, and the same is hereby defined to be, any printed publication, issued in numbers consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events, and *bona fide extras* and *supplements* of such publication.

AGRICULTURAL
WAREHOUSE AND SEED STORE,

QUINCY HALL, OVER THE MARKET, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors having recently enlarged their Warehouse, and increased their works at Worcester, would respectfully invite the attention of Planters and Dealers in AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS, &c., to their stock, comprising the largest and best assortment to be found in the United States, which are offered at low prices.

Of PLOUGHS—we have the greatest variety of kinds and sizes.

Improved Sod Ploughs, for flat furrows—improved Scotch Ploughs for lapped furrows—improved Stubble Ploughs, which are especially adapted to deep tillage, or varying from 6 to 12 inches in depth.

Self-sharpening, Hill Side, Sub-soil, Double Mould, Corn, Cotton and Rice Ploughs.

Cylinder Hay Cutters, Smith's Patent Lever Gate, and others. Patent Corn Shellers, with and without Separators. Seed Sowers, of various sizes and prices. Batchelder's patent Corn Planter, improved. Fanning Mills of various sizes, Horse Powers, Threshing Machines, thermometer Churns, Robbins' patent Centrifugal Churn, Cylinder Churn, Dash Churn, Corn Planters, together with almost every article wanted on the Plantation, Farm or Garden.

Illustrated Catalogues sent gratis on application, post paid.

RUGGLES, NOURSE, MASON & CO

Boston and Worcester, Mass., Jan. 1, 1852. tf